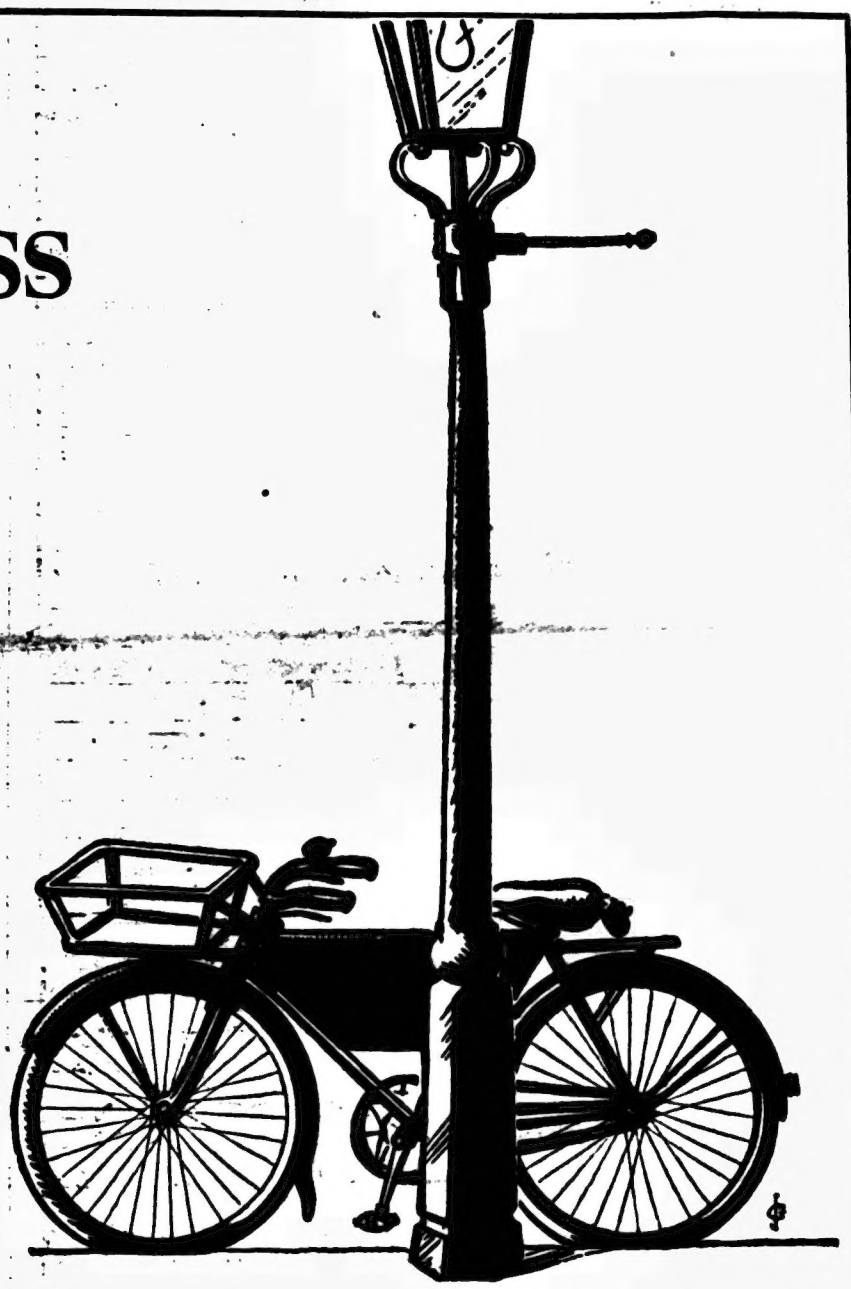
TWOPENCE
Vol. LIII.
1390.

THE MAN ENGLAND LET DOWN SEE PAGES 8 & 9

JOHN BULL

The Guinness has come!

They've given a standing order, and so the Guinness is delivered regularly at the same time every week. Then they keep it in a moderately cool place, and enjoy their Guinness a day in perfect condition. And all the time the Guinness is doing them good—giving strength and vigour to body and nerves, increasing appetite, improving digestion.



A GUINNESS A DAY IS GOOD FOR YOU

Order Half-a-dozen for the Home

G.E. 318c.

GREAT DAILY HERALD "ON-TO-PROSPERITY" CONTEST

£25,000

HELP THE HOSPITALS

FOR 6D

SECOND PRIZE £250 **THIRD PRIZE £100**

£25,000 must be won if winner is a registered reader of the "Daily Herald"—if the winner is not a registered reader, the First Prize will be £20,000.

The whole of the prize money is guaranteed by the "Daily Herald," and the whole of the profits will be distributed by The British Charities Association amongst Hospitals throughout the country.

Organised by The British Charities Association.

Chairman—Lord Lucas.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

(1). Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2). Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form, and the subscription for the competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3). In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the Association will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from Number 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4). Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to Dept. J.B., **THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOC., 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).**

(5). After the close of the Competition the list of 26 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of Experts who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections, in any one entry column, agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will as stated in rule 6 be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6). In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes so affected will be combined and divided. If the first prize of £20,000 is divided the additional award of £5,000 will also be divided, and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7). The British Charities Association reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient and the decision of the Council of the Association upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Association takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8). Employees of The British Charities Association, the "Daily Herald," and its associated Companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9). The closing date for the receipt of entries will be advertised in the papers used for advertising the Competition, but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a day to be announced and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

The complete list of prize-winners will be sent to any competitor who sends a stamped addressed wrapper or label (NOT envelope) to The British Charities Association for this purpose.

(10). Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

CUT ALONG HERE

GREAT "DAILY HERALD" "ON-TO-PROSPERITY" CONTEST TO HELP THE HOSPITALS
FIRST PRIZE £25,000 Second Prize £250 Third Prize £100
£25,000 must be won if winner is a registered reader of the "Daily Herald"—if the winner is not a registered reader the First Prize will be £20,000
ENTRY FORM NO. J.B.3.

Choose the best Twelve of the 26 Slogans by placing a X against those selected in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry **INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE—OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.** No order of merit required. Ink must be used

Help the Hospitals!

		One Entry 6d. ↓	Two Entries 1/- ↓	Three Entries 1/6 ↓	Four Entries 2/- ↓	Five Entries 2/6 ↓
1	Buy more—and help more to buy more.					
2	Knuckle to—don't knuckle under.					
3	Never mind the business outlook—look out for business.					
4	Use idle money and employ the idle many.					
5	The air of confidence is the fine t trade wind.					
6	Will good—and goodwill will follow.					
7	A peace policy is the world's life insurance.					
8	Spend for Prosperity—don't hoard for posterity.					
9	Optimism pays you—pessimism makes you pay.					
10	Help the Hospitals—national health means national wealth.					
11	The tide turns at low water as well as high.					
12	If more work for better times—there'll be more work for all.					
13	Prosperity—will it come? Yes. "will" it.					
14	More spending, more working—more working, more spending.					
15	Kill War debts—revive the world.					
16	Spend wisely now and you'll get a good "deal."					
17	Come down from the clouds and help to lift them!					
18	Pay well—it will pay you!					
19	Let's put Prosperity "on the map" of Britain.					
20	The highway to Prosperity is through every tradesman's door.					
21	Don't wait for Better Times—work for them.					
22	Create confidence by having it.					
23	Trying times are times to try.					
24	Good-bye, gloom—come on, boom!					
25	Determination will bring Prosperity AT last—TO last!					
26	Spenders make money go round—circulation means Prosperity.					
27	Get back by pushing forward.					
28	It'll be a good job for everyone if you find a job for someone.					

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules and enclose

P.O. Number.....value.....covering.....entries

P.O. is crossed /& Co./ and is made payable to The British Charities Association.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

(Block Letters) .....

(Please write clearly in ink. Please see that your envelope is sufficiently stamped.)

Cut Along Here

Address Your Entry: (Dept. J.B.3), British Charities Association, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 33.

EX GOVT KHAKI RIDING BREECHES

Just the thing for dirty work, farming, stables and sports wear. Genuine Army surplus unused goods. Extra strong. Khaki Serge. Wear for years. Smartly cut and perfectly finished with two side pockets. Sizes 28 to 32 ins. waist only.

4/6 PER PAIR Postage 9d. extra.

Also Khaki Bedford Cord, 6/9, and Blue Melton Cloth 7/6. Sizes 30 to 40 ins.

Order now to secure. Worth 12/6.

J.B. CROYDON STORES, 2/b, Derby Rd., Croydon

RUPTURE

The pads used on practically all rupture supports are Ball or Oval Steeled, which Press into the broken tissues and actually prevent the parts joining, instead of helping nature to heal the rupture. Mr. W. Blanden, the World-Famous Rupture Expert, has now invented a pad which has already revolutionised the rupture world. This illustration of a typical Blanden Pad shows the unique design and entirely different principle.

A. Curves actual Rupture Opening.
B. Pad visible here. Therefore more protection is given.
C. Thickest part of pad—positive safeguard against extension of break.
Extremely light, comfortable & adjustable.

Test it before you pay!

You are invited to try the Appliance for seven days Free. Send no money. Approved Societies usually allow the whole amount. Rupture booklet sent free. Write now or call.

BLANDEN SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (Dept. 389), Head Office: 6/25, GREGORY STREET, LONDON, W.1. Branches: Grosvenor House, Market St., MANCHESTER, etc.

THE ORIGINAL

READICUT RUG WOOL

CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE FREE OF CHARGE or in Hanks if preferred. Cable and 6-fold. 100 shades.

FROM 1/- PER LB.

Send a postcard (1d. stamp) for **FREE** Rug Book, containing 33 coloured Rug Designs and Samples of Wools. Canvas. etc.

READICUT WOOL CO., Dept. J.B., OSSETT, YKS.

SOUTH WESTERN HUTS & GARAGES

Prices again reduced. Buy now before they rise. Carriage Paid.

GARAGES.

10' x 7'	£6 6 0
15' x 9'	£10 10 0

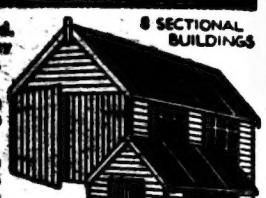
HUTS.

6' x 4'	£2 15 0
8' x 5'	£3 14 0
10' x 7½	£5 18 0

½" Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

8 SECTIONAL BUILDINGS



Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

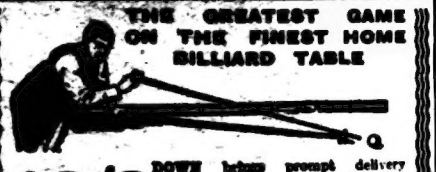
SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1922), Ltd., Dept. 4, High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771.

3 Valve RADIO £4.19.6

No matter where you live I can fix you up with any kind of wireless set, including Radio-Grams, and guarantee first-class results. All sets sent ON APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID. All ready to switch on. Cash or easy terms.

WRITE FOR LISTS NOW

WIRELESS WAREHOUSE, DEPT. 8, COVENTRY



THE GREATEST GAME ON THE FINEST HOME BILLIARD TABLE

13/3 DOWN brings prompt delivery of the 6 ft. size Riley "Home" Billiard Table to rest on any ordinary dining table. You pay the balance by easy instalments. Cash Price £11.18.6. 7 days' Free Trial allowed, and Rileys pay carriage and take all transit risks. Riley "Combex" Billiard and Dining Tables in various sizes and styles, are also offered for cash or easy terms. Send for Free Art List, describing them. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

Write for Free Art List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON, and Dept. 27, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

AVOID WINTER ILLS

THIS EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY!

no doctor's bills or medicines!

The new "WARMA" belt protects the Kidneys, acting as guard against colds, chills, 'flu, rheumatism, sciatica, pains, lumbago. Absolutely invisible in wear. Made from finest soft, warm material, fleecy lined. Prevention is better than cure. Get one to-day and promote robust health throughout the winter. Post free. EACH

1/6

2 for 2/6. 3 for 3/6.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

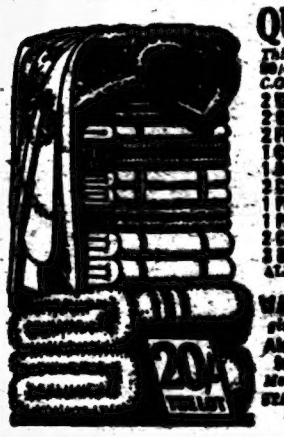
J.B., CROYDON STORES, 2/b, Derby Rd., Croydon

REAL HELP

The College which gives real help is The Bennett College. Tuition by post on all branches of Engineering, Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Motor and all examinations, Accountancy, Secretarial, Civil Service, Police, Commercial Art, etc. We specialise in all Institute examinations.

Write to us on any subject. Our advice on all careers, and the possibilities of employment therein Free. You will be under no obligation whatever.

THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., Dept. 99, SHEFFIELD.



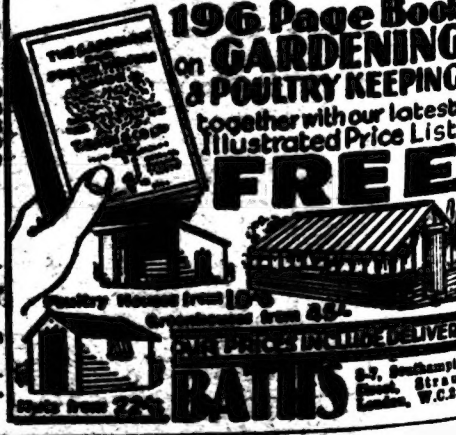
QUILTS FREE

This excellent bale for only 69/- carr. free, cash or C.O.D. Immediate delivery.

2 White Woolly Blankets 90x70
2 Wool Shoddy Sheets 90x70
2 Fine Pillow Slips 30x18
1 Good Bolster Case 58x20
1 Beautiful Bedspread 80x60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
1 Pair Art. Silk Rose
1 Fluffy Dressing Gown
2 Shamois Polishers
2 Dainty Handkerchiefs
4½ DOUBLE BED SIZE A Gorgeous **VARIEGATED DOWN QUILT**

Pillow free with each bale. Also a Beautiful Table Cloth free if 6 sent with order. Money back if not delighted.

STANDARD (HUDDERSFIELD), Ltd., Dept. GA, 102, Princess Street, Manchester.



196 Page Book on GARDENING & POULTRY KEEPING together with our latest Illustrated Price List **FREE**

Poultry Houses from 15/-
Greenhouses from 45/-
ONE PRICE INCLUDE DELIVERY
Sheds from 22/6
BATHS 84, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

SEE THE SOLE

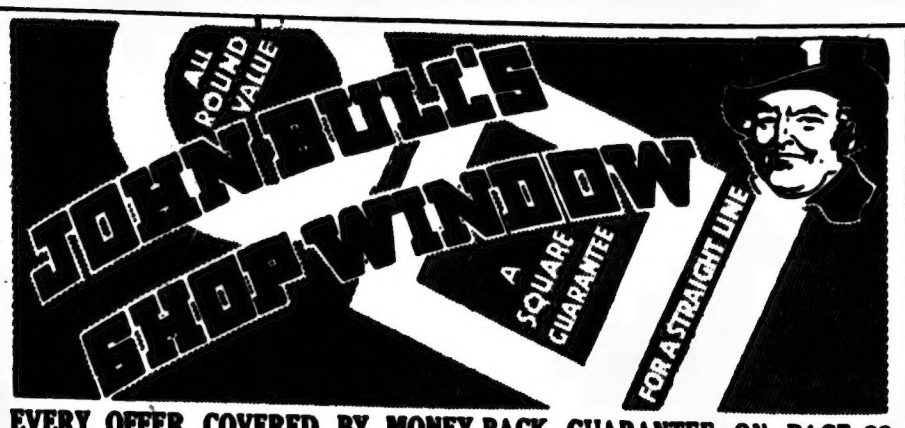
These triple wear shoes are ideally suitable for winter wear. Extra thick sole and heel of solid rubber moulded to Patent-like highly polished uppers. Rain and snow cannot penetrate them. Keep feet warm and dry. Worth at least 7/6 per pair. Most comfy shoe ever produced. Sizes 4 to 12 for Men and Women.

PER PAIR **3/9** Postage 9d. extra.

FREE For one week only 2 pairs Socks given free.

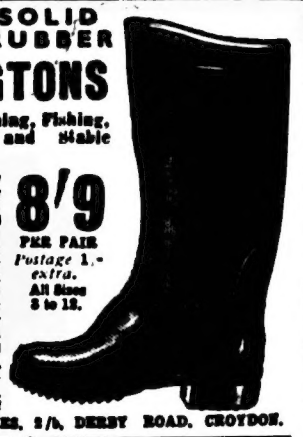
Sizes 11 to 3 with lighter Sole for Children 2/6.

J.B. CROYDON STORES, 2/b, DERBY ROAD, CROYDON.



EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 33

25/- SOLID RUBBER WELLINGTONS



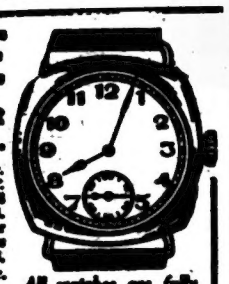
Ideal Wear for Farming, Fishing, Shooting, Garage and Stable Workers.

Huge cash purchase enables us to offer these high-grade Wellingtons at less than half original price. Superb in quality and finish to any being offered below 25/- per pair. Knee length, with triple reinforced ankle and instep, extra thick non-slip sole, warm lining throughout. Finest quality rubber with dull black finish. HIP BOOTS, all sizes, 15/-, post 1/- extra. *Send for a pair now. Satisfaction guaranteed.*

8/9 PER PAIR *Postage 1/- extra.* All Sizes 3 to 12.

J. B. CROYDON STORES, 2/b, DERBY ROAD, CROYDON.

SENT FREE



SOLID SILVER GENT'S WATCH.

Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Specially tested before delivery. Smart SOLID SILVER CASE and handsome figured dial. Strong, double width leather strap. Bargain price while stocks last, 27/6; luminous dial, 30/6. 2/- discount Cash with order.

All watches are fully warranted for 15 years

LADY'S WATCH Same jewelled accurate movement as Gent's Watch. Dainty SOLID SILVER CASE, moire silk band and fancy dial. Wonderful value, 25/-. On solid silver expanding bracelet, 31/6. Send for one of these reliable watches to-day, and see it before you buy—7 days after receipt pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly. 2/- discount Cash with order. *Write for Catalogue.*

HOME & DOMINIONS SUPPLY CO. (Dept. J.B.), 6, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

YOURS for 6/6

6/6 MONTHLY DEPOSIT

JADTONE 3-VALVE WIRELESS SET. Direct from the Manufacturer. Figured Oak. Slow Motion Dial. Entirely self-contained. Jadtone Loud Speaker. British Valves, Components and Batteries. Ready for immediate use. Earth and aerial required only. 12 MONTHS' GUARANTEE. British and Foreign Stations Powerfully received. Cash 68/6 only

Or 6/6 monthly.

Write for Illustrated Wireless Catalogue.

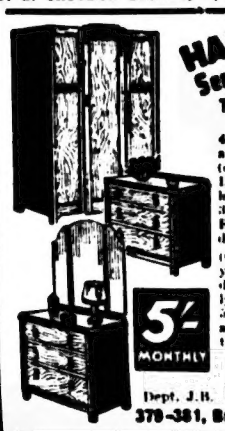
J A DAVIS & CO Dept. J B. 105

FREE APPROVAL

Write for Full, Illustrated Musical List. The 'SOUTHERN ISLES' UKULELE BANJO You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger Board, sweet mellow tone; solidly built; highly-polished finish. 30/- VALUE for 11/9. We will send you one of these 'Southern Isles' real Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly until 11/9 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days 10/6 only.

30/- value for 11/9

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 49), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.



5/- MONTHLY

HARDY'S Sensational SALE

THE "HALF PRICE" OAK BEDROOM SUITE.

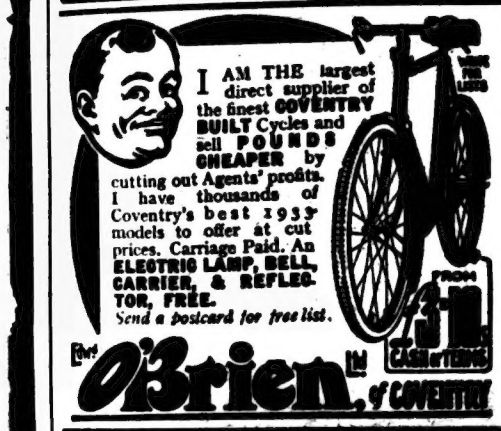
4 ft. Wardrobe fitted hat shelves, and 2 rods with sliding hooks (centre revolving hook); 3 ft. Dressing Table with 3 frameless mirrors and 3 deep drawers; 3 ft. three-drawer Linen Chest. Heavy construction; finished deep Brown.

Sale Price (Or delivered to your home for 5/- down and 9 monthly instalments of 5/- on approved accounts). **8½ GNS.** CASH Usual price 17 gns.

Packed and sent Free to any address except I.F.S.

Dept. J.B. 379-381, Brixton Road, Brixton, S.W.9

HARDY'S



I AM THE largest direct supplier of the finest COVENTRY BUILT Cycles and sell POUNDS CHEAPER by cutting out Agents' profits. I have thousands of Coventry's best 1933 models to offer at cut prices. Carriage Paid. An ELECTRIC LAMP, BELL, CARRIER, & REFLECTOR, FREE. *Send a postcard for free list.*

FROM £3 CASH OR TERMS

Chas. O'Brien, LTD. of COVENTRY

£5 £5 £5 £5

COMMISSION ON A 20-WEEK CLUB | COMMISSION ON A 20-WEEK CLUB | COMMISSION ON A 20-WEEK CLUB | COMMISSION ON A 20-WEEK CLUB

THIS IS EARNED BY "B.B.B." CLUB AGENTS

WHY NOT BECOME ONE

yourself and so earn a steady and increasing income in your spare time? The "B.B.B." Club, the Super Club that pays Super Commission, requires in every district organisers to form our popular 20 week clubs on the highest paid club commission basis. No outlay or experience required to earn big money. Only an hour or so per week of your spare time taken up and no effort or worry.

Write to-day for full particulars and copy of our latest 284-page catalogue, beautifully illustrated and containing over 1,000 household bargains.

Boy's Flannel Suit 5/-

Reclining Armchair 10/-

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY:

Agents of other clubs should not fail to send for particulars and see for themselves that our commission terms are the highest paid and our goods superior value.

Lady's Lightweight Mackintosh 7/6

54-Piece Tea-set 29/-

L. & C. MOSS Dept. C. 36, Cannel St., Ancoats, Manchester.

ALL-WEATHER LIZARD SHOES

Simply to advertise our name we offer you this week, ladies' all-weather shoes at the advertising price of 4/3. Hard-wearing rubber soles moulded to a wet-resisting upper of imitation Lizard finish, with a neat Gibson tie and smart Cuban heel. These are as smart as shoes costing treble, and will give months of service. Black, Grey or Tan.

4/3 *Post of 1 or 2 pairs 9d.* or C.O.D.

Black, Grey or Tan, sizes 3 to 8. An all-weather shoe recommended for sports wear. Send for a pair now; money back guarantee.

NUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, Ilford.

HOUSESHOES!

FOR COMFORT & ECONOMY

Just the thing for wear in the house or garden. Trade Enquiries invited. Perfectly finished with solid rubber heels, soles, and flexible rubber uppers with Patent Leather appearance, but infinitely more comfortable. A more comfortable shoe does not exist. Ideal for those troubled with tender feet, corns, bunions, etc. Warm lining throughout.

Get a pair to-day and know what foot comfort really is.

Sizes 3 to 7 PER PAIR **2/6**

Also Fashion Shoe with Cuban heel, one bar or lace 3/9.

Children's size 9, per pair 1/6

Postage on one or two pairs, 4d. extra.

J. B. CROYDON STORES, 2/b, DERBY ROAD, CROYDON.

THORNS SALE

A novice can erect. Complete ready for use 6 sections to bolt together. ½-in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Delivery to door can be arranged anywhere.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Sale Price.	
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2.16.0 or	5/9 monthly.
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10ft.	7ft.	8ft.	£6. 0.0 or	10/3 monthly.

Carriage Paid. Send for Special Sale Catalogue, No. 46, of Sheds, 27/-; Garages, 73/-, Army Huts, etc., showing huge reductions Over 1,500 sizes and designs.

J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. (Box 46) Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

FROM 5/3 Per Month DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT

THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage Paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections. Strong, planed, moulded, rebated weather boards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 6 payments	or 12
6ft.	4ft.	6½ ft.	£2 17 0	10/-	5/3
8ft.	6ft.	6½ ft.	£4 7 0	15/3	8/-
10ft.	7ft.	7½ ft.	£6 1 6	21/3	11/2

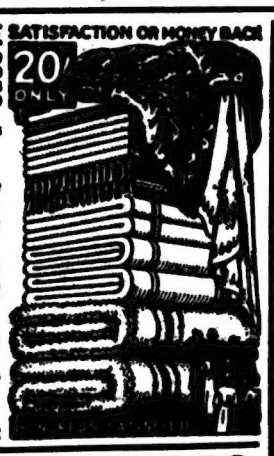
BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings Free

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 40-42, Oxford St.

WINTER SALE

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

20 ONLY



2 Woolly Blankets 60x70
2 Bolster Sheets 60x70
2 White Pillow Slips 30x18
1 White Bolster Case 60x30
1 Art Printed Bedspread
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
2 Chamois Polishers
6 Dainty Handkerchiefs
1 Pair Art. Silk Hose
1 Willow Fur. Duchess Set

All Double Bed Size. *Buy direct from our mill for service and value.*

CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D.

or single bed size 13/-

FREE GIFT of lovely WARMED DOWN QUILT sent with each Sale.

Damask tablecloth also free if cash with order

PATON MILL Co., Dept. B. Paton St., MANCHESTER

GUM BOOTS MADE LIKE A MOTOR TYRE

Gum boots that are made like a motor tyre and equally as solid. Exactly as supplied to the Forces. We guarantee these to be practically indestructible, and to give endless hard wear in the roughest use. For occasional wear, will last a lifetime.

SATISFACTION OR FREE GIFT OF 1/-

Send for a pair now, and if not completely satisfied, we will give you 1/- recompense for your trouble. Ideal for farm, navy, deck use, fishing, shooting, garage. Every pair guaranteed.

Postage 1/-. Sizes 6 to 11. C.O.D. if preferred.

7/9

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD.

AMAZING REDUCTION

NOW 16/6

(1)

ALL BRITISH

Or deferred terms if desired.

STOCK-TAKING SALE.

(2)

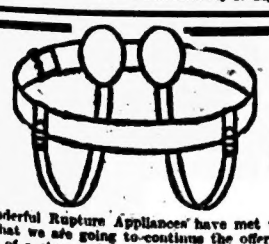
1,000 ready for instant despatch.

Full length Bed Chairs with solid Oak frames polished dark, 3 well-filled velvet cord cushions, any colour. Fitted with our comfortable patent spring seats patent number 356065 30. Guaranteed not to sag with wear. Call and inspect, or send for New Coloured Catalogue 7. Reg. or cross P.O. Carr. and packing England Wales 2/6. No stamps.

(3)

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING Co., Ltd. 52, Shaftesbury Av., Piccadilly Cir., London, W.1

10/- SINGLE 15/- DOUBLE



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BREAD—

Startling Exposure

DOPED!
or, Going through the Mill

A CHEAP, nourishing loaf is, in these times of depression and hardship, more than the housewife's right; it is a national need. Not only the family budget, but the family's health and the nation's health are concerned.

A C3 loaf is the stuff that helps to make a C3 nation. And we don't want either.

Foremost of all our foods, wheaten bread should be above suspicion, both in point of price and in point of freedom from all adulteration.

Yet to-day the nation's loaf does not answer to these just claims.

And, with three million people out of employment and a multitude past numbering forced to consider the yield of every penny, there is no excuse for hiding the facts. Certainly, JOHN BULL does not intend to hide them.

In the first place, we do not hesitate to say that bread is not cheap enough.

With the cost of wheat round about the lowest figure recorded in the twentieth century, with vast unsaleable stocks of surplus grain in America and elsewhere, the price of the loaf has not fallen in anything like adequate measure.

In 1914 wheat cost about 34s. per quarter of 504 lb., and the 4-lb. loaf (or two household loaves) was 5½d. In 1933 a quarter of wheat may be bought for about 25s., and the loaf costs 7½d.

YET the Government does nothing about it, though it cannot plead ignorance of the facts.

As long ago as 1923, one of the Departmental Committees, over which Lord Linlithgow presided, reported on the relations between the price of wheat and the cost of the loaf, and found, among other things, that—

1.—Local organisations had been created to maintain the cost of bread.

2.—Some bakers' premises were owned by millers and were, in effect, "tied houses."

3.—Bakers who sought to sell their bread cheaply were liable to be boycotted by the millers.

4.—The all-English bread should cost less than ordinary bread to the extent of 1½d. per 4-lb. loaf.

Nothing more was done save to establish a Food Council without real power either of demanding evidence or imposing penalties. Quite naturally, the trades whose methods were the subject of enquiry laughed at or snubbed it.

In the past month Sir Daniel Hall, Chief Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture, has stated publicly that the 4-lb. loaf, for which the housewife must pay 7½d., contains no more than two pennyworth of wheat.

SIR CHARLES FIELDING, Director of Food Production during the war, has assured us that, even if wheat commanded round about twice its present price in the market, 4 lb. of first-class bread, yielding a fair profit to all necessary intermediaries, could be sold over the counter for sixpence.

But we are compelled to buy our loaves at a price that makes the oldest-fashioned methods remunerative. This price is regulated by powerful associations, and we do not hesitate to declare that it is out of proportion to the cost of the loaf.

There is no excuse for its sale, *across the counter*, at one farthing more than bakers were asking in the Spring of 1914. Indeed, even that figure will need justification, for if the hours of operatives have been shortened and wages are higher, modern devices have simplified and cheapened production.

So much for the dearness of our daily bread. What about its quality?

If you visit a farm or country house where home-made bread is baked, particularly if the wheat is milled locally, you will partake of a sweet, nutty-flavoured loaf that is not only good eating but is satisfying, and is not stale or unpalatable a fortnight after leaving the oven.

Yet the ordinary shop loaf hasn't even a week of life.

THE tragedy is that to-day the country mill, from which the best flour comes, is disappearing; two hundred have been shut down in five years.

The whole tendency of the great milling houses is to concentrate at the ports. In London, Liverpool, Bristol, Hull the sea-borne wheats of two hemispheres can be drawn from the ships' holds into the mill for the modern treatment that goes far to emasculate the housewife's loaf, and make it something that the parent grain might well refuse to acknowledge. In the modern treatment at the mill the germ of the wheat is taken away.

Now, the germ is a small thing, not 2 per cent. of the berry, but it contains protein fat and phosphorus, and is of great nutritive value. Having been separated, it is sold at a high price with well-justified praise of its worth. *It has, in fact, been stolen from your loaf.*

The treatment of the grain in the vast port mills aims at separating the germ and then separating the finest parts of the flour for sale at a special price, as "patents." When the flour of the wheat has been "broken" or "reduced"—these are trade terms—it is dosed with chlorine gas, or agene, and bleached, to give it the beautiful white appearance that is worth just nothing.

The baker wishes to buy and the miller to sell a flour that will hold the largest percentage of moisture—that has been robbed of its germ and dosed with gases that are poisonous, even though in this case the dose is not toxic.

IN short, the most vital of the nation's food to-day is a non-natural product, treated, not to improve natural nourishing or sustaining qualities, but to develop its profit-yielding capacity to the highest possible point.

To the Ministry of Health we say quite frankly: Why do you permit this chemical treatment of the loaf?

To the housewife we say:

You have a vote, and consequently you can get justice and proper value for your money, if you demand it.

Agitate for a regulated "over the counter" bread price to begin with (costs of distribution are constantly used as an excuse for inflated prices).

Demand from your baker loaves that have not had chemicals applied to them, that do not contain flour doctored with chlorine gas.

The breadwinner of the home and his wife can bend the stubborn milling and baking interests to their will if they decide to. Should they so decide, they will have a cheaper, better and more natural loaf than the one they found on their breakfast table this morning.

Give the Motorists a Rest, Mr. Policeman

New Raid on Ratepayers

Bravest of the Br

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

LAST October a Middlesex widow drove her small motor-car a few miles to have it examined and tested by a prospective buyer.

The licence had then expired two days, and, as luck would have it, a policeman observed the fact.

She explained and offered evidence of the circumstances in which the car had been taken out.

Now, four months afterwards, she has been haled before the Feltham magistrates and fined £3 plus costs.

What it means

We relate the facts of this case, not to inspire special sympathy for the widow, but to call attention to the gravest abuse of statutory powers in this country to-day.

The woman is only one of 340,000 motorists who have been prosecuted and fined or sent to prison in one year for offences against the Road Traffic Act.

Most of them were guilty of wholly trivial misdemeanours, but magistrates everywhere exacted from them extravagant penalties.

Wasting police time

The iniquitous and intolerable position has arisen that the two-years-old Road Traffic Act is now being officially exploited as an indirect method of raising revenue.

Every police force in the country now seems to be engaged in a special hunt for motor-car drivers who can be proved guilty of any of the multitude of minor offences catalogued in this Act.

The total loss of efficiency in the real work of the police in preventing and detecting crime and protecting property must be colossal.

1,000 a day

Prosecutions are now being launched and convictions obtained against motorists at the rate of more than 6,000 every week all the year round.

The Traffic Act was intended specially to curb and properly punish careless, reckless and dangerous drivers. An analysis of a year's prosecutions reveals that only one in every twenty-five concerns offences of this kind.

The Act also introduced the mobile police, and the Government announced that their function was to correct, advise and guide motorists, not to harass them.

All that has gone by the board. The mobile police have been made the chief agents for this extraordinary persecution.

The revolver fiend

Instead of harassing the motorist, the police should keep a firmer hold on such people as the Bristol café proprietor who, in an argument with a customer, is alleged to have pulled out a loaded revolver and threatened to shoot.

All that has happened to him is that he has been fined £20, with the alternative of three months' hard labour, for possessing the weapon without a licence. His sort should be sent to jail without the option.

Playing with fire

The police should also turn their attention to the perilous pest who has been busy in the London area.

Three times in one day he caused the Ilford fire brigade to be called out by a false alarm. Each journey was made difficult by thick fog; nearly half the brigade were absent with influenza while later the ambulance was similarly summoned by the heartless hoaxer.

The person who takes advantage of fog to play pranks which might imperil life is only fit for the lunatic asylum or penal servitude.

More prosperity news

After our recent news of a great improvement in British export trade, the big shipbuilding revival will come as no surprise to our readers.

It is expected that more ships will be ordered in the first quarter of this year than in the whole of 1932. As the President of the Board of Trade comments, shipowners do not order new ships unless they foresee better business.

Hands on the pests — hands off the motorists!

Coming boom

The building trade, too, is on the eve of a great boom. Our confident prediction is based on the figures of plans approved by local councils for all types of building.

This might easily be the most prosperous year for industry ever known if the Government relaxed its ban on relief schemes.

New rate squeeze

The Government Auditor should be reminded that it's the last straw that breaks the camel's back.

He has discovered that if ratepayers are "gingered up" with an early summons, most of them will quickly scrape up the money. So he wants local councils to give less time to defaulters before taking legal proceedings.

Coming directly on urgent income-tax demands, this is unnecessarily harsh.

Have you paid yours?

Talking about income-tax, at a London banquet the other day the president offered to take wine with every guest who had paid his income-tax.

The company numbered 250, but only four responded. Among those who admitted that they hadn't paid were a peer and a distinguished M.P.

People who attend Chamber of Commerce banquets might take a lesson from thousands of poorer folk who stint themselves to fulfil their obligations.

Clouds of war

The poison-gas inventors are still busy.

In the jungles of French Indo-China, airmen are secretly testing a new type of gas that can be discharged from aeroplanes and causes complete paralysis of human beings for ten to 48 hours.

The Disarmament Conference says it is impossible to prevent nations at war from making poison gas. Is that any reason why they should be allowed to experiment with it when at peace?

Human pit prop

We have often reported gallant deeds by miners, but we can't remember any quite like the feat of Leonard Tait, of Chevington, Northumberland.

He rushed to help a man trapped by a fall of stone. His mates shouted a warning, for another fall was plainly imminent.

Tait just hunched his shoulders and propped up a huge stone that was beginning to come away. For twenty minutes—until the injured man was released—he remained as a human pit prop, despite the minor falls that severely cut and half-buried him.

The Minister of Mines must recognise this fine act of heroism.

Bottled death

The limit in carelessness seems to have been reached by the doctor who might have caused London to be ravaged by an epidemic.

He left cultures of highly infectious diseases in his unattended car, from which they were stolen. And if somebody who didn't know what they were got hold of them, there is no knowing what might have happened.

He is about the tenth doctor who, in the last few months, has made it necessary for the police to broadcast an urgent warning about the danger of this sort of bottled death.

Ten too many!

Below the belt

Too many local councils have been accused of imposing on the unemployed.

The latest charge is made by a councillor of Benfleet, Essex, who says the council is getting its new playing-field by sweated labour.

Single men are paid only eight or twelve shillings a week; a married man with eight children gets only 32s. The council says it doesn't pay the men, for they are engaged on relief work.

We don't care whether the men receive these sums as relief or wages. We do say it is monstrous that mean advantage should be taken of their misfortunes.

The good new days

Babies are still out of fashion. Last year's birth-rate showed another big drop.

But the babies that do arrive are healthier. More of them live to see their first birthday than when the birth-rate was higher.

So the Government must not try to economise on the maternity and child welfare services. That would take us back to the bad old days.

Unfair cuts

Yet there are indications that the Budget will impose new economies in education, housing, health and other social services. But there will be no reduction in the Army and Air Force, while expenditure on the Navy will actually be increased.

The social services have already been severely pruned, and it is only fair that, if further cuts must be made, the fighting services should also make sacrifices.

Where the money goes

One thing that should be "axed" is the elaborate ceremony with which warships are launched. So should many of the higher naval posts, which exist in name only though accompanied by fat pensions.

The Admiralty has become a snug anchorage for surplus officials, and it seems that only a charge of d will shift them from their berth promises of reductions have been time and again.

A new broom is badly wante but it will have to be wielded b body with little regard for the of tradition.

Greater love—

When we are told that chi dead we shall think of Thomas L

He lives at Mapperley, Notts, ing the six years he looked a sick wife never once went to be

Because the illness that ev killed her disfigured her face, away from everybody, and Mr. I had to do the housework and s as well as his own work. And r the inquest were these facts re

There's no reward high eno such a man. But we don't suppo is any reward he wants apart sense of duty well done.

Warm work

Old people in the Somerset Bridgwater have just been sa youth in the most practical wa imagine.

Local unemployed youths beg of unwanted wood from builde a disused warehouse, and set with saw and chopper. Their provided 50 aged folk with 100 free fuel.

Bogus weddings

Scotland Yard is on the trac bogus marriage syndicate.

This follows JOHN BULL's re that women of dubious chara smuggled into Britain, ma men who promptly disappear, thus made ineligible for depo

A few days ago the police h London wedding while enqui made, and are now investiga whole scandal. We wish the success.

Tithe tyranny

A London vicar writes i against the article in last we BULL, "The Church's Pound by Mr. F. C. Krailing, the authority, on the plight of poo who are still compelled to p tithes.

He points out that the tithe charge and suggests that th is therefore not to blame for t position.

But, we would point out t is in the power of the Church the tithe when it causes distr farmer.

The Purchase family

In our recent article concer Rose Purchase, the ninetee lion-tamer, it was not intended the impression that she was member of the late Captain family who was carrying on th fine traditions in the Show W

We are informed that young Purchase, aged sixteen, is a s late Captain Purchase, and is one of the "thrills" at the C Wild Beast Show at Lewish

Good for Eskimos

An Iceland man who visit in last week's icy spell said so cold." He should have gon field Sanatorium, Middlesex.

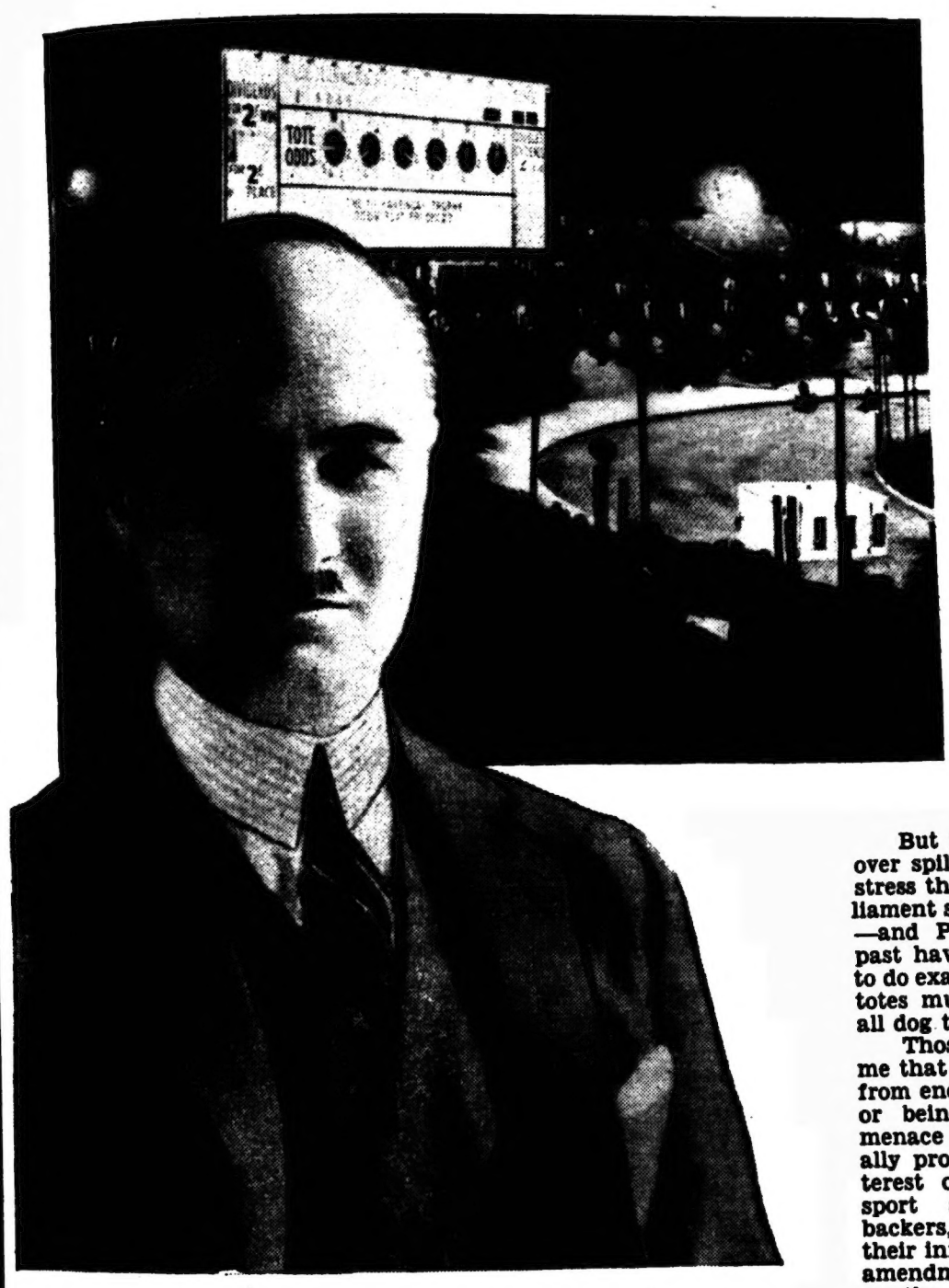
There, says a county patients awoke in the mor icicles in their hair, the ink froze and children were co chilblains because of the s fires or radiators.

The sanatorium is now to but that's pretty cold comfo present inmates.

BRITISH MUSEUM 9 33 MAR

A LAST WORD to M.P.s—by General Critchley

DOG BETS: the Truth



Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, who first organised dog-racing in this country, here reveals some new points of view on a burning question and exposes some fallacies in the report of the Government's Commission on Totalisators at Greyhound Tracks

THE question of totalisator betting on dog race tracks is bound to be raised in the House of Commons very soon after Parliament reassembles next Tuesday.

Several millions of the general public who enjoy greyhound racing have been hotly discussing this same question since the Royal Commission on Lotteries and Betting presented its interim report some three weeks ago.

As the man who was largely responsible for the installation of the totalisators on the tracks which my company controls, it follows naturally that I cannot agree with the Commission in regarding the dog-race tote as a public menace.

On the contrary, I regard this "tote menace" talk, for reasons that I shall explain, as nothing more than a verbal bogy, which I earnestly trust Parliament will lay once and for all.

But I think that in the heat of controversy a good many people have become confused about the really important facts. And the first of these facts is that the Commission is not asking for a new prohibition, but rather seeks to have the existing law confirmed and enforced.

Lord Hewart's recent judgment in the Appeal Court makes it clear that under the Racecourse Betting Act of 1928 the totalisator is an illegal machine, whether used for cash or credit betting, except on courses where there is horse-racing.

It is certainly most unfortunate that the exact meaning of this Act was not established long ago before great sums of money were spent on installing the tote, and before some twelve hundred employees thought they had found a settled occupation in operating it.

But it is no use crying over spilt milk. I want to stress the fact that, if Parliament simply does nothing—and Parliaments in the past have been very prone to do exactly that—then the totes must disappear from all dog tracks.

Those who think with me that the totalisator, far from encouraging gambling or being in any way a menace to the public, actually promotes the best interest of a great popular sport and protects the backers, must now use all their influence to secure an amendment to the 1928 Act or the passage of a new one.

I want here to present a reasoned case for the totalisator, and I am not content to base it wholly upon the seeming injustice of allowing the machine to be used on the racecourse and not on the dog tracks.

It is quite true that tens of thousands of people who thoroughly enjoy dog racing could not afford either the time or money to attend the ordinary race meetings on the Turf. And to my mind it certainly seems unfair that they should be denied a privilege which richer and more leisured people can enjoy.

No bad effect

BUT I am prepared to admit that abstract justice must sometimes be tempered by expediency, and the Commission's view, which M.P.s will have to consider, is that you cannot properly compare dog racing to horse racing, for the very reason that there are so many greyhound meetings, and that they are so easily accessible to the poorer classes.

There might be something in that argument if it could be proved that greyhound racing has had a demoralising effect upon the public. But I maintain that it has not.

The late Lord Brentford, when he was Home Secretary, enquired very seriously into this matter, and then stated in the House of Commons:—

"As the result of information from the police at practically all the large centres where there is greyhound racing, it is clear that in the police view very few young people take any part in betting, that there has been no increase in pawning in greyhound racing areas, that greyhound racing crowds have been extremely orderly, and that greyhound racing has drawn people away from the public-houses."

That general summary of the case is as true to-day as it was at the time of Lord Brentford's enquiry.

One of the most striking features of greyhound racing is the orderly manner in which it is conducted.

All identified with the administration of the sport are proud of this fact, and at this stage, when discretion is invaluable, it is hoped that friction of any kind will be avoided.

Safer for backers

FURTHERMORE, I assert that the introduction of the totalisator on greyhound tracks, far from increasing the volume of betting, has actually reduced it.

The reason for that is, of course, that the tote has made the two-shilling bet popular, whereas, before the days of the machine, many bookmakers were apt to sneer at "small money."

I now challenge another of the Commission's conclusions.

The totalisator, it says, is liable to be used fraudulently by those operating it.

I assert without fear of contradiction that on all licensed and controlled tracks there is not the faintest risk, or even possibility, of any fraud whatever. And every responsible authority in greyhound racing would welcome the most stringent control.

Again, though this is an aspect of the matter which the Commission ignores, the totalisator constantly safeguards the interests even of those backers who bet in the ring.

For anybody who understands betting will see in an instant that, when the machine is in operation, *there can be no "false" favourites or "false" outsiders.*

The record of the bets actually made by the public speaks for itself, and must defeat any such manœuvre.

I must, moreover, emphasise one other very important aspect of this question. The tote operates in the interests of clean sport and strengthens the hands of the responsible authorities.

Monopoly danger

WITHOUT the machine there is always the danger of the bookmakers taking advantage of their privileged position, even to the extent of attempting to dictate terms.

As a class I consider bookmakers a very decent body of business men. But, given a monopoly of the betting market, some of them would be sorely tempted to take advantage of it.

So the totalisator is at once the safeguard of the backers and a source of strength to the racing authorities.

For all these reasons I hope profoundly that Parliament will amend the Act of 1928.

Greyhound racing authorities would not, I am sure, object to any form of control such as is applied to horse racing. Nor, I think, would they grudge some allocation of a percentage of tote profits to charitable objects.

Indeed, while the racecourse totalisators have so far contributed nothing to breeding or charity, the dog tracks, without any statutory obligation, have already distributed more than £60,000 to benevolent institutions!

Behind the Mystery of a GREAT AIR ACE..

HINKLER

His feats were heroic—but he never was a hero; his courage was boundless—but nobody seemed to notice, no one cheered; his small body was crammed with pluck—but not an ounce of luck—" Bert " Hinkler, the man life has let down

THIS is a story without a counterpart in any "How to Get On" book that was ever written. It is the missing chapter of Samuel Smiles and all the other writers who have tried to inspire young men to the effort that makes for Success.

You have read one or other of the tales of the millionaires who started life with a shilling and a bunch of keys, and an unconquerable determination to succeed. This is in contrast—a proof, if one were needed, that there are exceptions to every rule, even the self-help rules of Mr. Smiles.

It is a story of a man who should have been treated as a national hero, but never was; who should have risen to the very top of his profession, but didn't; who lived to cheer and praise and admire lesser people than himself, but had very little adulation and practically no reward come his own way.

It is the story of "Bert" Hinkler, the airman England let down.

If the disappearance of Hinkler provided one of the greatest mysteries of flying, the mystery of his life, of how he succeeded time and time again only to find that it didn't count as success at all when it came from him, is ten thousand times stranger.

Up to the time of the last flight he had as many epoch-making flights to his credit as any other living airman, more even than Lindbergh, yet few people could remember one of them.

He landed time and time again before a mere handful of people after making flying history with performances that should have been talked about for months, and within a few days both he and his feats were forgotten.

He received fabulous offers from American aircraft companies to go out to the United States and help to boost American aircraft companies and American machines. "The best all-round flier in the whole wide world" was what one of the magnates who approached him said of him. But although he stuck to England, believing always that his luck would turn, nothing but long spells of unemployment came his way.

Little more than a year ago Sir Arthur Whitton Brown, the man who won a title and a fortune as one of the first men to fly the Atlantic, said of him: "I just cannot think of enough to say about Hinkler. Put any superlatives you like in my mouth, and they won't be too great."

Yet since then, to use his own half-joking words, which are at least true in effect, Hinkler had been "on the dole."

Pilots far more famous have acknowledged him as a Master. Pioneer airmen have admitted themselves to be dazzled by his skill as a pilot and genius as a navigator. The toughest and hardiest flying men have said they have never met another man with such an iron constitution. The bravest of them have said there was never anybody braver.

"I'll be back!"

And then when he set out before dawn, in the light of a motor-car headlamp, on the last of his great efforts—an attempt to win back the record for his Australia flight that he once held—there were only two or three friends to see him off.

"I shall be back all right," were his last words to Colonel Savage, of sky-writing fame. "I've got a season's job in March with an exhibition company. You can imagine how I shall feel to be off the dole again."

And then his tiny engine spat itself into life and Hinkler rose into the night sky out of sight of his friends.

The rest? Days passed without news of him. One friend, short of the money to start out to find him, tried to raise the necessary funds and failed. Captain Hope set out on a one-man search of the Swiss Alps — one machine flitting about among vast mountain peaks was all we could do for him!

The meanest burglar in the world, a man whom even Dartmoor would surely disown, took advantage of the airman's tragic disappearance and the fact that his wife had gone on to Australia by boat to await him to rob his home and steal his trophies—even the medal from the Sultan of Morocco which Hinkler once described wistfully as "one of the few things I ever got out of flying."

Why is it that recognition thrusts itself too generously on one man, who will admit that he has done little that deserved to be recognised, and yet eludes the man who really deserves it?

The wrong face

Hoodoo? Mischance? Not even the men who knew Hinkler best can describe it.

"It's just that he wasn't the type that the public associates with courage," said one pilot friend. "The public wants its heroes to look like the heroes of the Hollywood films and the story books, and won't acknowledge any others.

"Bert was small and squat, and more than a little blunt and direct in his speaking. His high forehead might have got him marks if it had not been too high. His square jaw never proved an asset because it was too square."

"Too much of a mechanic" is how one rich man described him, who might have backed him, but didn't. "No doubt he could put up some wonderful flying feats," he said, "but he wouldn't be able to cut any sort of a figure at a banquet afterwards."

Colonel Savage has other views. "Hinkler happened to be born entirely without showmanship in a world where showmanship is one of the most important things in life," he said.

"No man living was a better advertisement for British machines and

---

The Human Machine

BRAINS on Top

THERE are two ways of living. You can live on your emotions, or you can live on your brains. You can act first and think afterwards, or you can think first and then act calmly and coolly and according to a well-conceived plan.

The majority of people, if they do not live wholly on their emotions, live, at any rate, more on their emotions than on their brains. They rule their lives by impulse, and not by reason.

They do things in the heat of the moment that they are afterwards mightily ashamed of, and they say things that they would give anything to be able to unsay two minutes later.

If they were told that they were behaving more like savages than like civilised people they would be both surprised and indignant; yet it would be true. For there's not much difference between savagery and civilisation except the latter's hallmark of reason and reasonableness.

People who live on their emotions waste so much energy on things that aren't worth while. They "go off the deep end" over trifles, wax indignant over trivialities, and magnify mole-hills into mountains.

It is only by living on our brains more than on our emotions that we can distinguish what is good from what is bad, and separate what matters from what isn't worth a second thought.

It is only by living on our brains that we can be constructive. Emotion is, on the whole, a destructive force.

Children used to be told in the nursery to count ten before they spoke if they felt violently angry. It was the soundest wisdom that nine out of ten adults could take to heart to-day. For it put brains in their proper place—on top.

Over the awful beauty of these cloud-cutting Alps flew Hinkler's one-man 'plane . . .

Photo: Horace W. Nicholls

—the MAN ENGLAND Let Down

British pilots. No flying man did more to enhance British prestige abroad. But as for advertising himself—he just couldn't do it. Although he knew it was necessary in this world, a sort of necessary evil, his natural modesty made it impossible, and his lack of a sense of showmanship made it impossible for other people to do it for him."

Born in the Australian village of Bundaberg, Hinkler was making workable models of aeroplanes as a boy when such pioneers as Cody were making history with the real thing. And so he started in the Royal Naval Air Service when the war broke out with a knowledge of flying far above the average.

The night bomber

He began as a mechanic, and found it hard to become anything different. People who had begun by knowing nothing of the subject, and who learned more slowly than he, had no difficulty in passing him by. He was too good a mechanic—and so he remained a mechanic for an unconscionably long time.

The year 1917 came, with Hinkler nothing more than a non-commissioned observer.

Let us look at him round about that time:

There was a squadron of the Royal Naval Air Service at Dunkirk responsible for some of the heaviest night-bombing of the war. As dusk fell its huge machines, heavy-laden with bombs and painted black to hide them in the night sky, crept out on their death-dealing mission. By dawn they were back, their bombs littered along the red trail they had left behind.

In one of those machines, navigating for his pilot in a way which others in the squadron considered uncanny, straining his eyes to pick out railways and bridges and ammunition dumps below, and then pulling the little levers that sent bombs hurtling down, sat Sergt. B. Hinkler.

The records of that squadron, and the talk of the officers' mess, were fine tributes to the small, sturdy, over-eager sergeant who had understood flying before some of the squadron leaders in the Service had flown their first kite.

There was one man in that squadron who could never understand why we didn't bomb Berlin—and that man was Hinkler. Couldn't get there? Why, what did that matter? No harm in trying, anyway.

No man could pick out an objective more surely, and find a way home more unerringly. No man was braver when long, white slips of light held his machine as if on a cord, tethering it, it always seemed, to the anti-aircraft guns that spat death at it.

How he laughed at the phosphorescent "green balls" and other terrors which the Germans introduced into their anti-aircraft warfare. Not even the night pursuits of lighter and faster machines frightened him.

Yes, he was just Sergt. Hinkler. Perhaps too good a sergeant to leave that rank behind. He must have been as amazed as anybody when commissioned rank came to him at last.

Getting work as a test pilot after the war, he built up a reputation for bravery and thoroughness so quickly that in 1925 he represented Great Britain in the Schneider Trophy Race.

It was in 1927, after he had made many noteworthy flights, that he flew the 1,200 miles from Croydon to Riga in 10½ hours. Machines have improved vastly since then. One military guard with a rusty rifle was the reception he got at the other end—a man who could only understand the one word "Telephone."

The Latvians gave him a decoration that can only be awarded by the unanimous vote of its flying officers, but, so far as England was concerned, the flight was soon forgotten.

Soon after that he began his first Australia flight—the first attempt with a baby engine.

In this he put up four records—the fastest time between England and Australia, the longest flight by light aeroplane, the longest solo flight, and the first non-stop flight between London and Rome. For these achievements he was awarded the A.F.C.

Miss Amy Johnson tried to beat his Australian record and failed. Hinkler did it with a 30 horse-power engine, the sort of engine we had regarded as all right for pottering about England.

Not so romantic

So many pilots come home and talk of the bandits who nearly seized them, sharks they missed by inches, wild dogs that circled round them in the desert.

"Sharks?" said Hinkler. "Why, there are sharks, but if you clapped your hands they'd swim away. Bandits? Why, there's a lot of nonsense talked about bandits in the East. The only people who come to my machines in the desert are always goat farmers. Wild dogs? If you want real stories of danger you ought to speak to the Englishmen who live among them, not those who just fly over them."

That was Hinkler, always—trying to belittle the adventure of it all rather than to get false glory by overpainting it. "Just a little trot home," he said in Australia, about the journey back.

Then, to skip over many more of his big flights, came his great hop across the South Atlantic, a solo effort that is spoken about to-day in the same breath as Lindbergh's famous flight.

That came about in a curious way. Worn down by his efforts to get the big work that he knew he deserved, disillusioned because he had lost, in his pioneer work on amphibian machines, the money presented to him by his native country, he went to Canada "to make a fresh start."

America would have welcomed him with open arms. But he preferred to go to Canada and try to establish a modest air-taxi business there.

Soon he realised that there was no future for him there either. So he decided to give England one more try.

In his one little machine, bought for his taxi work, he flew down to Jamaica in a record time and in such a way that the Americans renewed their efforts to buy him

Then, with a little engine of a type that had never run twenty hours continuously even on a test bench, he started on the hazardous 22-hours flight from America to Africa, reaching the coast within ten miles of the spot he aimed to reach.

"Why, it was nothing," he said. "Quite an uneventful trip."

"Uneventful"!

We did not know until later that he only just got there, and that his adventures on the way had been enough to turn the average man's hair white. Of the great chains of lightning that flashed round his machine in the pitch-blackness over mid-Atlantic. The 'erible conditions that drove him down to five feet over the sea in the Doldrums, that unnaturally becalmed area that is the terror of the sailing ship mariner. And the battering trade winds that tried to drive him down into the sea for shortage of petrol.

There was not even a navigation light on the machine, no wireless, no cockpit light of any kind. He took his bearings from the stars, and couldn't always see those.

Yet: "Just an uneventful sort of journey," said Hinkler.

He made four records in that one flight. It is doubtful whether a single one of them is remembered. The public reception accorded him fell far short of those that have followed many smaller feats by lesser "Aces."

And to-day . . .

After he vanished his friends thought he must have struck the mountains in the Swiss Alps. They think he got trapped in a corridor through the mountains, unable to find a way out, and unable to rise, because of the load of petrol he carried, over the steep sides. A terrible plight, and yet, if that happened, Hinkler would have kept cool to the end.

Think of it. Only one man to find him, and he a personal friend. True, a search committee was formed, but little seems to have been done.

And though the Air Ministry issued a special broadcast appeal for information, there was no actual official search.

Yet Hinkler would be the least surprised person in the world if he knew that. You can't, he would just say, go on being let down all your life, and then be surprised because you are let down at the end.

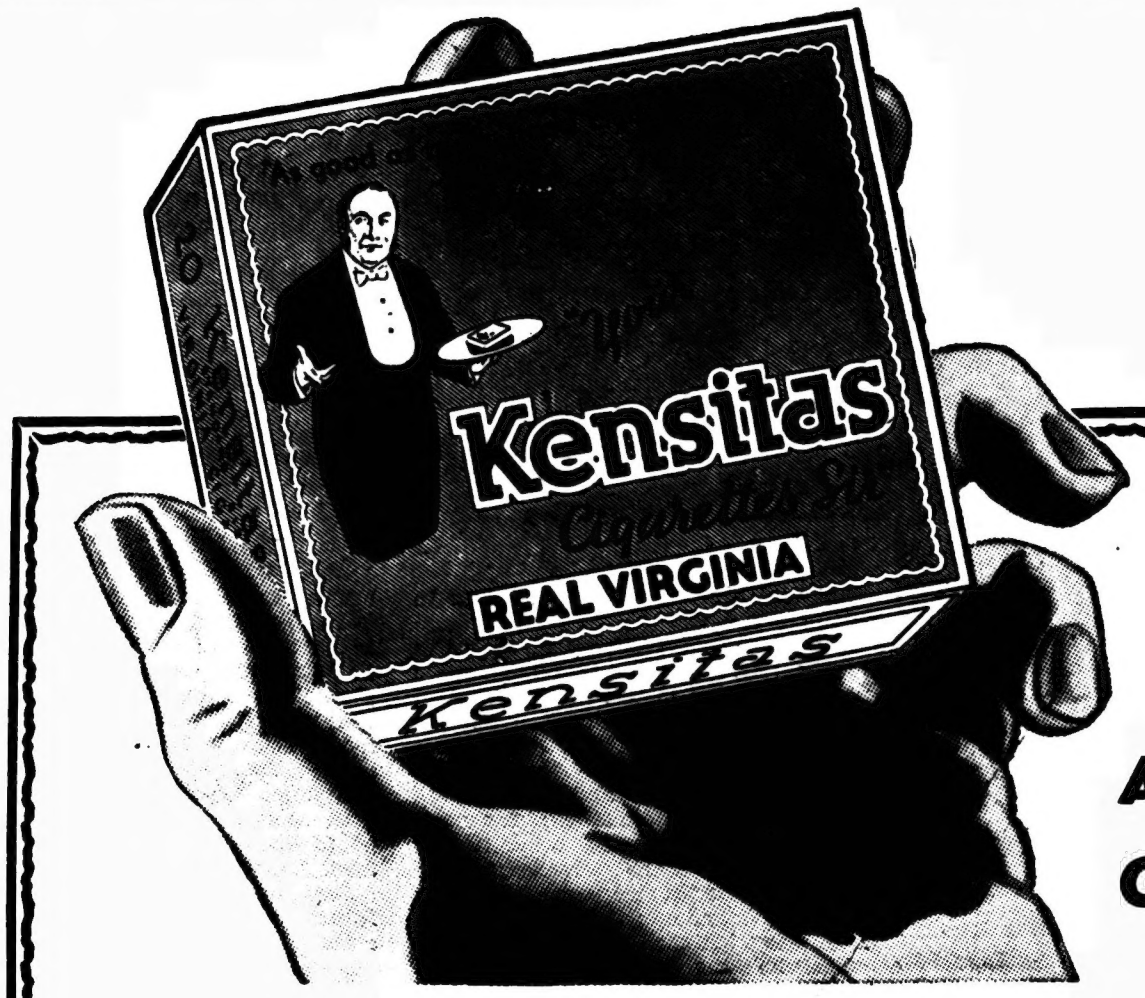
CHILD OF DESTINY

What does the future hold in store for Jean Harlow — Hollywood's child of destiny?

Come what may, Jean Harlow will make just as brave an attempt to "carry on" as she has throughout her trials since Paul Bern's suicide.

The inside facts about this suicide have been so garbled that a clear statement has never been made. But now *The Picturegoer*, Britain's Brightest Film Magazine, has at last revealed the truth.

No film lover should miss this enthralling feature. It's in this week's issue now on sale.



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Dear Sir:

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I am, Sir,

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A. G. GARDINER *Talks to the Premier*

The HOUR is here —*are you the MAN?*

The great Westminster clock points the critical hour . . .

IF I take the occasion of the re-opening of Parliament next Tuesday to address you personally, my dear Prime Minister, it is in no captious spirit that I do so. I do it as a convenient way of bringing before you the vague hopes and fears of the public at this critical time.

How critical it is you know. No Parliament in history ever faced problems of more urgency and greater magnitude.

Consider for one moment the landscape before it. At home the shadow of depression still darkens the land. The great staple industries of the country—coal, iron and steel, shipbuilding, cotton, railways, agriculture, the building trade—are all stricken with a creeping paralysis that is slowly undermining the stability of the nation.

* * *

Nearly three millions of unemployed—kept alive on the narrowest margin of existence—throng our towns and countryside. Tens and hundreds of thousands of young people are emerging from the schools into a world which has no use for them and no occupation to give them. Taxation stands at a level higher than ever before in history—higher in real values than during the war—and as taxation rises trade declines.

And if the outlook at home is dark, the prospect abroad is even darker.

The problem of the War Debts is still unsolved and threatens a clash between Europe and the United States which would be disastrous to civilsation. The vast issue of Manchuria, which involves the destiny of Asia and the Pacific, still hangs in the balance. The Disarmament Conference, on which the issue of war and peace in Europe depends, seems a helpless derelict on the face of the waters unless some substantial progress results from the latest British proposals.

The result of the Election in Ireland foreshadows a long and bitter economic war between two countries which are economically necessary to each other.

And everywhere, as here, trade is stagnant, the harbours are filled with idle ships and the free current of commerce is blocked by tariffs and quotas and all the ingenuities of an insane nationalism.

I do not propose, my dear Prime Minister, to attempt to saddle you and your Government with an undue responsibility for all this tale of calamity. I know that it has a thousand contributory causes and springs from disorders that are common to the whole world and can only be cured by the common action of the world.

But this country is still the chief pillar of a crumbling civilisation and should play the most commanding part in saving it from utter disintegration. And I do not think it can be said that it has played that part at any time since the war, or, more specifically, during the eighteen feverish months during which your Government has been in office.

You have certain achievements to your credit. Your Government has, at all events temporarily, stabilised our finances and staved off the imminent menace of national bankruptcy. Its share in the Lausanne Agreement, which struck the first resounding blow at the tyranny of the War Debts, was creditable. It may claim, also, that it has kept the unemployment figures at the level at which it found them, and has maintained the internal condition of the country at a higher standard than that prevailing in any country.

But it has done little or nothing to lift the world out of the morass into which it has fallen.

Its influence upon foreign affairs has been negligible or mischievous. It was our weakness more than anything else which prevented the Manchurian adventure being nipped in the bud.

In the great matter of disarmament we have been definitely obstructive, and the Ottawa Agreement has aggravated that very curse of tariffs which all economists are agreed is one of the chief causes of the paralysis of world trade.

There is still time to salvage civilisation, and it is upon the use you make of the most critical year upon which we have entered that you and your Government will be ultimately damned or acquitted.

Let us look first at the domestic problem. Something must be done to lift the dead weight of unemployment which is sapping our economic life.

. . . and calls back the Premier to face a colossal task

It is monstrous that side by side with three million unemployed the banks of the country should be choked with millions of idle money for which there is no constructive and productive use.

The idle men and the idle money must be brought into profitable co-operation, and it is for your Government to set in motion the machinery that will bring that co-operation about.

There are great tasks which need to be done, which must be done, and which can be profitably done. For example, the scandal of the housing conditions of millions of the poor in our great towns is a shame that this country can no longer tolerate. With money plentiful as it has never been and cheaper than it has been for twenty years, there is the opportunity for such a crusade against slumdom as will transform the face of our towns and the life of their people.

There are other phases of a policy of domestic reconstruction which call for immediate attention. I wrote last week on the calamitous position of the railways, and it is enough here to insist that it is the duty of your Government to put into operation without delay the recommendations of the Salter Report, which will do something to give one of our most depressed industries a square deal and put it on its feet.

But you will say quite justly that the great problem of unemployment, though it may be mitigated, cannot be solved by internal expedient. It can only be solved by a world revival.

* * *

That is true. And that revival depends as much upon the lead given by this country as upon any other factor.

Upon you, my dear Prime Minister, will fall the main burden of finding a solution of the War Debts curse that has waterlogged the world for a dozen years. If that solution can be found, especially if it can be found without a breach with America, I believe that the greatest impediment to world recovery will be removed.

But it is not enough to settle this great matter. Your Government must give a lead to Europe and the world in other directions where it has hitherto failed.

It must throw its whole influence into the scale for the sanctity of treaties and the preservation of the open door in the Far East. It must do its utmost in securing the peace of Europe and so restore confidence to the world.

It is the spirit of fear brooding over the nations that paralyses trade and drives one country after another into an exclusive and ruinous nationalism.

Give the world grounds for confidence and you will banish that fear and release all the paralysed activities of trade.

Not from the B.B.C.—Warrant-Officer (ex-Sergeant-Major) Snooks on

Putting the "Gent" in "Sergeant"

I DON'T know who invented it, or when
he did it, or why,
But its author is a liar and his
legend is a lie—
That legend of the sergeant with the
neolithic jaw
And the more unpleasant habits of a full-
time ma-in-law!

For it's Sergeant this, an' Sergeant that,
an' "Isn't he a swine!"
Though it's not the way they treat me
when we're going up the line!
When we're going up the line, my lads,
when we're going up the line!
Their *morale* I have to buttress when
we're going up the line!

I have been a darned Aunt Sally at which
ev'ryone could shy,
For the bloomin' civvy artists always
draw me as a guy!
But the red-tab merchants now admit—
deny it whoso can!—
That the backbone of the Army is the
non-commission man!

It's Sergeant this, an' Sergeant that,
an' "May 'is eyebrows melt!"
But the mandarins in Whitehall they
have given me a belt—
They've given me a belt, my boys,
they've given me a belt!
Salute! Salaam! Attention! They have
given me a belt!

You heard what I said—"Salute!" An'
now, do it again! I'll make a soldier of
you yet, you poor, half-starved, quarter-
witted, bleary-eyed, knock-kneed, lop-
eared son of a gun!

An' don't you answer me back an' tell
me that, under the noo regzheem, I'll
have to alter my style an' be more digni-
fied, as befits a Warrant Officer. For if
it means that I've got to talk to a lot of
splay-footed village loonys as if they were
mother's little lambs, I'd rather do with-
out my new straps an' hang on to my
old vocabulary.

All the same, I approve of the first step
that has been taken by the Air Council
toward making sergeants into gentlemen.
For a start, it's given us a new name,
although it may surprise you to learn
that there isn't any name that hasn't
been invented for us seven times over.

In future, instead of being called
(officially) "Sergeant," and (unofficially)
quite a number of other things, we're to
be called "Warrant Officer."

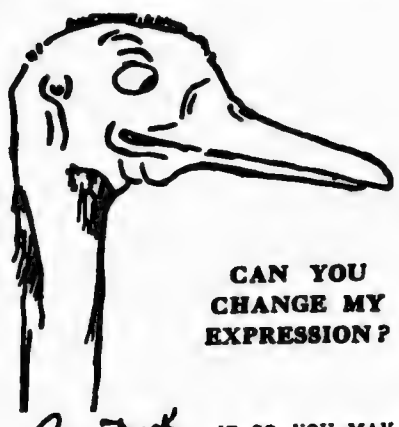
What is more, I an' me like are to be
referred to as "Mr.," an' will on all occa-
sions be addressed by their inferiors—it's
you I'm talking to—on all occasions be
addressed as "Sir."

There are some as are going about say-
ing that the leopard can't change his
spots, but the blanketty blanked blanks
had better not say it in my hearing or
they'll soon learn that Warrant Officer
Snooks still retains the linguistic talents
of Sergeant-Major Snooks.

I wish my mother could see me now; but
I doubt if she'd know her son!
For I've gone up in the bloomin' world
an' I certainly am a One!
The dignity that I'm putting on—like
my uniform—is new,
For I was a Sergeant-Major once,
A blinkin' old Sergeant-Major once;
They used to address me as "Sergeant"
once,
But now I am "Sir" to you!

That is the style I am known by, an'
you'd better not be too free
In your manners, unless you're yearning
for trouble—which means C.B.!
An' none of your grins an' titters, an'
none of your nasty looks!
For I am a Warrant Officer now,
A fully-fledged Warrant Officer now;
An' if you have something to tell me
now
You'll tell it to *Mister* Snooks!

Yes, that is my rank, you blighters! Just
look at my shoulder-straps!
So click your heels in a proper way and
bring your hands to your caps!
Whatever you've called me in the past
(an' of names I've had a few!)
You've now got to call me "Mister"
Snooks,
Treat me as if I was Mister Snooks,
A really splendiferous Mister Snooks,
An', *remember!* I'm "Sir" to you!



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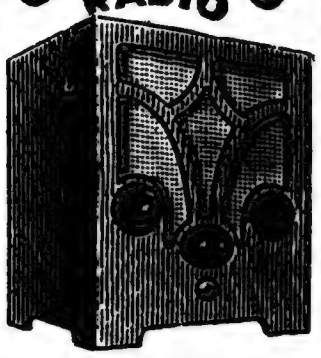

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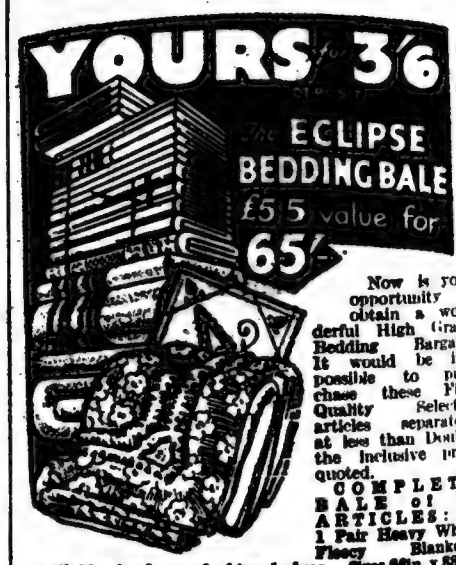

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An OPEN LETTER TO Hannen Swaffer

DEAR SWAFF,—Here is an opportunity scores of your "friends" would give half their fortunes to have. To write an open letter to "that man, Hannen Swaffer," in the very paper in which week after week he sits in judgment on others!

Only a fate that has not always served you too well gives me this chance to tell you some home truths.

For somewhere in this Continent of ours is your "copy" for this page.

You are first and foremost a journalist, and you would never let your paper down. *You* never do!

Even your best detractors will grant you that much, and they can hardly hold you responsible for the vagaries of the Continental Postal System.

I can hear you mutter, "That's what happens when you take a holiday once in a blue moon. No more holidays for me." You'll become peevish like the child that is so much a part of you.

I have known you for an age and I have worked with you for a generation. Never have I met such a combination of the simple and the complex.

For a long time you were an ever-present figure in the theatre and wherever theatrical people gathered. You believed most of what they told you. They flattered you because they wanted you to print nice things about them.

And when you determined to be honest with yourself and your readers, the cost of truth became expensive. It was counted in broken friendships—if that word can be used—and insulting innuendoes.

But you did rid yourself of the pathetic eloquence of the Swaffer Worshipper.

Yet you sometimes remind me—not so much in recent years—of the boy who catches a fly and pulls first one wing, then the other, and has little satisfaction. He just wants to see the victim wriggle.

There is a cold streak in you which I am certain is a pose, because it is so unlike your real self. You pretend to be hard. Yet when you heard from a prison chaplain that a poor woman would spend three months in jail for a petty misdemeanour because she could not pay the fine, you had her released the next morning. And it wasn't a small fine, either, because I sent the cheque to the padre for you.

* * *

That is only one case of many your "hard" heart has relieved.

Nor did you want to be thanked, any more than you care about praise for your journalistic work.

You are happy to work and nothing excites you more than to "scoop" Fleet Street. Then you smile like a mischievous kid reloading his catapult.

For many years you were without any definite aim, due to your immersion in the sham of the theatre. But the present-day crisis provided you with a dramatic awareness of the reality of life. You are now aflame with the purpose of making the world a fit place to live in.

And you are well equipped for your job. You have been an editor and a junior reporter. You have been in charge of people and a subordinate, and even though folk say "Swaff's a queer old devil," they always add: "But I like to work for or with him."

When it was necessary to learn something of the New England from the air you did not hesitate to fly round these islands. Journalism marches with the times, and you are in the vanguard.

You sometimes pretend to be International, but apart from your sympathy with negroes, it is only fair to the people of Kent to tell them that you are as proud of your Kentish yeoman ancestry as any rabid Tory could be.

You still have the ability to make friends, but you have not so great a capacity for keeping them. You are inclined to consider frankness from a friend as carping criticism.

* * *

Also, you are becoming less of a good listener, which sometimes prevents you from stripping a suggestion down to its basic quality and determining its real worth.

Northcliffe called you "his poet." It may have been a jovial allusion to your flowing tresses, but there was more truth in it than even *he* knew.

But don't pretend so much to be a poet of the hard, unsentimental school. Don't be ashamed of honest sentiment. It's just as nice to admit that side of you as it is to animate your eyes and pound the table at some flagrant injustice.

Now, when you take up your pen again, don't be so Sphinxish. Let your real friends have some pleasure in this world.

Some folk call you an actor. So was Napoleon and Northcliffe. So is Mussolini and Beaverbrook.

I know your answer to all this—"I'm a journalist." And when I recall that many who started level with or ahead of you have fallen behind and are no longer remembered, I must admit you are right. You will always be remembered as a journalist.

That you may live to achieve your life's ambition—to get the better of a Scotsman in Fleet Street—is the wish of

A Sincere Friend

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

SIR P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER,
Colonial Secretary

DEAR SIR,—In its greed for gold, the Government appears to have ridden roughshod over the rights of Parliament.

Despite the appeals of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Lugard and others that the natives in Kenya Colony should not be dispossessed of their land in the new goldfield before the matter had been discussed by Parliament, it is now revealed that it received the Royal Assent while the House was not sitting.

Were you frightened that Parliament might have turned it down?

JOHN BULL.

LORD IRWIN,
President, Board of Education

MY LORD,—I am glad to have your assurance that the State is sympathetic to religious teaching in schools.

There is something rotten in a State that ignores the deepest feelings and faith of the subject when educating its children.

Religious toleration has always been one of Britain's proudest claims; I hope it will long remain so.

JOHN BULL.

ALBERT ARTHUR JONES,
Attercliffe, Sheffield

THIEF,—The Rotherham magistrates must have been day-dreaming when they fined you 30s.

Your brother's spine was fractured in a colliery accident, and out of £2 2s. 6d. collected for the poor fellow you helped yourself to 30s.

No crime in the calendar ever deserved punishment by imprisonment more than your dastardly meanness.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. Father OMMANNEY,
St. Matthew's, Sheffield

REVEREND SIR,—It needed courage to tell a diocesan conference that it is wrong to grudge the poor man who has a flutter on a race "his little bit of excitement and amusement."

You even defended the mild betting of the workless in your parish, for "it cheered them up."

A lot of people will disagree with you, but I hope they will agree with me that there is supreme virtue in seeing the other man's point of view as you have done.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. A. N. BARLOW,
Montague House, Whitehall

DEAR SIR,—I welcome your appointment as the Premier's principal private secretary.

For many years at the Ministry of Labour you have been doing valuable work which, though little known, is of immense importance to the unemployed millions. The Ministry's training schemes with which you have been associated have been specially helpful.

Good luck in your new job!

JOHN BULL.

THE LIBRARIES COMMITTEE,
Wandsworth, London

GENTLEMEN,—By refusing to allow reading-rooms in your borough to be opened for a few hours on Sunday—the only time when many men are free to use them—you are preventing people from increasing their education.

Better-educated people are better citizens. Has that occurred to you?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ARTHUR M. FIELD,
Worcester, South Africa

DEAR SIR,—On arriving at our Worcester with greetings from its sister-city, you gave British manufacturers a frank warning.

They are, you said, losing business by refusing to make the kinds of goods South Africa wants, and insisting on making what they think it ought to want.

This is true only of a section of our business men, and they are the Dismal Jimmies, I suspect, who lament that our export trade is ruined for ever.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. AUDEN, school medical officer of Birmingham: Many children regarded as mentally deficient are not so, you declare, and to brand them as such is socially dangerous. I welcome this fresh support for my long campaign against the lunacy bosses who are so keen on filling our asylums.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. E. DERHAM,
Chief Constable of Blackpool

DEAR CHIEF,—Once again you have shown why you are held in such high estimation by your fellow-citizens.

When a man was charged with stealing a small amount of coal you appointed yourself his adviser and got him discharged. You pointed out that he had stolen to provide a fire for a sick old man of eighty-four.

What you didn't enlarge upon was the fact that you had food supplies and several bags of coal taken to the old man before the case was heard.

JOHN BULL.

FRANCIS G. HODSON,
Bath

HODSON,—Your wife must be the saddest bride in the country.

Homeless and penniless when you married her a few weeks ago, you spent the honeymoon in the home of her unemployed brother, whose kindness you repaid by stealing his savings of £11.

Then, when you were arrested, she learnt that you had spent most of the last thirty years in jail and were still a ticket-of-leave man.

The only pity is that the six months' hard labour given to you is the maximum penalty.

JOHN BULL.

Canon GUY ROGERS,
Rector of Birmingham

DEAR CANON,—I gather you are not in favour of allowing kinemas to open on Sundays.

You are wholly justified in expressing your views with all the power you command. But do you think it quite fair to tear a few ironical sentences from their context in a satirical article and reproduce them as a plain statement of fact?

If I compare your *Times* letter on the subject with the *Kinematograph Weekly*, from which you misquote, it just makes me smile.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. PALMER,
Caversham Bench, Berkshire

DEAR SIR,—If you seemed harsh at first with the old lady who obstinately refused to have her dog put to death, your subsequent action showed how merciful was your aim.

She was fined £5 and an extra £1 for every day the dog remained alive. At last, while a police officer used every trick he knew to keep her in conversation, the penalty of the law was carried out.

Then you showed that you understood her feelings. You remitted both fines—a generous decision. JOHN BULL.

ARTHUR MONKTON,
Bromley, Kent

ROGUE,—You richly deserved the police description of a low, lazy, despicable scoundrel when you pleaded guilty to ten charges of stealing money from girls.

For a long time you have lived by engaging the affections of young domestic servants and then robbing and deserting them.

Your sentence of twelve months' hard labour is welcomed not only by your victims, but by JOHN BULL.

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READERS' attention is drawn to the GT. UNIVERSAL STORES offer on page 33.

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SUFFERERS from Hæmorrhoids should not overlook the Pylitna offer on p. 12.

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"A NEW Way of Living" is the title of a booklet which will be sent free on application to The Kellogg Co., Ltd., Bush House, London, W.C.2. Simply send a p.c. Mention *John Bull* when writing. The offer appears on p. 29.

A P.C. (postage 1d.) addressed to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, will bring a complete list of gifts, a few of which appear in the advt. on p. 16. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

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WEEKLY INFORMATIONS *from* MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

IT is with more than ordinary satisfaction that I give this week's Information to the public.

In doing so, I find personal pleasure in the fact that, while the events related here were moving to a climax, I contributed to the identification of the brilliant criminal now to be exposed and was privately giving advice by post to JOHN BULL readers who were being invited to enter one of the most extraordinary webs ever woven over the agricultural industries of Great Britain and the Empire.

For six months I have had daily before me an ever-growing file relating to the most comprehensive and revolutionary project for the reorganisation of farming that has ever been attempted.

The file begins with a simple letter which came to me last midsummer from an unemployed man in Hertfordshire seeking my advice regarding a proposition which had been made to him by a person named James Walkington, who, in consideration of a payment of £20, was prepared to give him the managership of a farm-produce factory.

Vast spoof

Stage by stage the file tells the story of the manner in which, I have now established, men in high positions, the Ministry of Agriculture, a High Commissioner, the Press all over the world, the most representative agricultural bodies in the land, big co-operative organisations, business men, solicitors and auditors have all been deceived.

I have just made the final entry in the file with the information I have obtained regarding James Walkington. He is the individual responsible for the huge scheme which was to weld the farmers of Britain and the Dominions into the greatest Imperial co-operative unit ever known and for the mass of deception which I have outlined.

I have to reveal him also, after he has eluded identification for months, as an amazing adventurer with the history of an habitual criminal. Unknown to the Government departments and the eminent people who have been giving serious countenance to the vast scheme for Imperial agricultural unity, the author and director of it is a most formidable rogue.

Apart from the people he approached for money and to whom he promised appointments, I was probably the first person in this country who became aware of the start of Walkington's activities six months ago.

My suspicions that Walkington was aiming much higher were confirmed when I learned that he was making it known in some rural areas—where he was negotiating to acquire established businesses—that the organisation he was promoting would ultimately have funds amounting to £32,000,000 and own a fleet of steamships.

Next I discovered that he was giving it out that among the directors or managers of the new company would be Brigadier-General Sir William Horwood, late Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis; Lord Bledisloe, the Governor-General of New Zealand, and Lord Radnor.

These statements, I quickly proved, were totally false.

I was astonished also by the fact that Walkington was then actually using as an accommodation address the head office in London of one of the great joint-stock banks!

Soon afterwards there was registered with the Registrar of Friendly Societies a company named the Empire Farmers Co-op., Ltd., of which the chairman was Lord Strathspey; the vice-chairman, Mr. C. Morland Hughes, and the managing director—*James Walkington.*

This company was to obtain its capital both by the sale of shares and loan stock.

Behind its operations was the object of embracing the farmers of Britain and the Empire in a colossal co-operative organisation which was to have its own farms and factories and distributing and retail establishments.

The society, by most elaborate machinery, was also to deal with the bulk purchase of foodstuffs from the Dominions and the export to the Dominions of manufactured articles, chiefly engineering products.

The great scheme was launched in its entirety two months ago in a blaze of world publicity. Newspapers in many parts of Britain and in all the Dominions accepted the pretensions of Walkington at their face value.

Ultimately, it was announced, the Empire Farmers Co-op., Ltd., would endeavour to control the production of cereals, fruit, meat and milk throughout the Empire; supply the producers with finance and all their requirements in seed, stock, and implements, as well as a sure market at 20 per cent. better prices; sell to the consumer at the cost of production, plus only working costs; and increase British food production by £100,000,000 yearly.

Ambitious

Lord Strathspey is a peer with wide experience of the world. Mr. Hughes, his co-director, was once associated with the Bank of Montreal, and has for long been well known here as a civil engineer and contractor. Walkington was certainly working under excellent auspices.

Still I watched and kept gathering information.

Let it be understood, however, that Lord Strathspey and Mr. Hughes were grievously misled by an exceptionally clever crook. Walkington, before approaching Lord Strathspey, actually deceived the highest officials in the office of the High Commissioner for New Zealand, and even brought to him from that Department an introduction and recommendation.

Both Lord Strathspey and Mr. Hughes are zealously interested in Imperial co-operative farming, and I hope they will not be daunted by the amazing experience they have had in this case.

Lord Strathspey, who is Chief of the Highland Grants, was grievously misled by a clever criminal

To Lord Strathspey Walkington stated that he had personally spent about £5,000 in three years travelling throughout the Empire laying the foundation of his huge project, and that the interests he represented would provide £2,250,000 when the central organisation was formed in Britain.

Within four months, Walkington guaranteed, a sum of not less than £1,000,000 would be forthcoming for working capital as a result of negotiations which he had already concluded.

All he asked for when the share issue was made was £15,000 as the vendor of the scheme.

Confidence in Walkington was further built up by the fact that a leading firm of London solicitors acted for him and for a time allowed him to use their offices as the headquarters of the Empire Farmers Co-op., Ltd. Somehow he obtained an introduction to them from the American Consulate and a distinguished Anglo-American lawyer.

He had also induced a foremost firm of City accountants to allow their names to be used as auditors. Walkington in the last few months has gone from end to end of England, everywhere opening negotiations for the amalgamation of abattoirs, factories and produce-supply organisations with the Empire Farmers Co-op., Ltd.

Branches and offices have been opened in centres like Birmingham and Winchester and shops acquired in London.

Actually, this company, for all its stupendous plans and the immense resources claimed for it, never had a penny capital. Its only assets were Walkington's promises and guarantees, all of which I now expose as sham.

In his recent journeyings in Britain he collected funds for it by persuading farmers to become investors with the suggestion that the company would be able to lend them money.

Nevertheless, so convincing and definitely expressed have been the objects and backing of the Empire Farmers Co-op., Ltd., that its plans won the support of a nationally-representative organisation of agriculturists. They have also been before the Ministry of Agriculture and in the last few weeks have even been presented to the Government Meat, Milk and Bacon Commission.

Whitehall!

All of these plans created by the fancy of a criminal!

But they had gone much farther than the numerous businesses he has been trying to acquire without a shilling of real capital to pay for them. Walkington had, until a few days ago, brought negotiations to an advanced stage to merge farmers' co-operative organisations in Yorkshire, Wales, the Midlands, and the Southern counties, with all their resources, into his bogus enterprise.

And on the eve of my discovery of Walkington's true identity, there was due to be completed an agreement by which a great live-stock business in the Midlands with a weekly turnover of £60,000 was to be incorporated and a manager appointed at a salary of £10,000.

Walkington had arranged that Lord Strathspey and his co-director with two other peers would leave Britain this month on a tour of the Dominions to "consolidate" the provisional agreements which he alleged he had made with big business interests to finance the vast undertaking.

Who is he?

They would have found themselves on a fool's mission.

What a spectacle it would have been to find an arch-rogue for months, in the absence of the responsible people, sitting in command of a great Imperial agricultural combine which had acquired control of first-class established businesses!

But, in the nick of time, the immense projects have been scotched.

The real name of James Walkington, let me tell, is Maurice James Walkington-Smythe, who has numerous convictions for fraud and misrepresentation.

His last sentence was five years for arson, and when he completed it he appeared in Australia, using the name of Mond. He posed as a member of Lord Melchett's family and represented that he was in the Antipodes on behalf of the British interests to form a £100,000,000 chemical combine.

Foiled there, he turned up in Britain with the consequences I have related.

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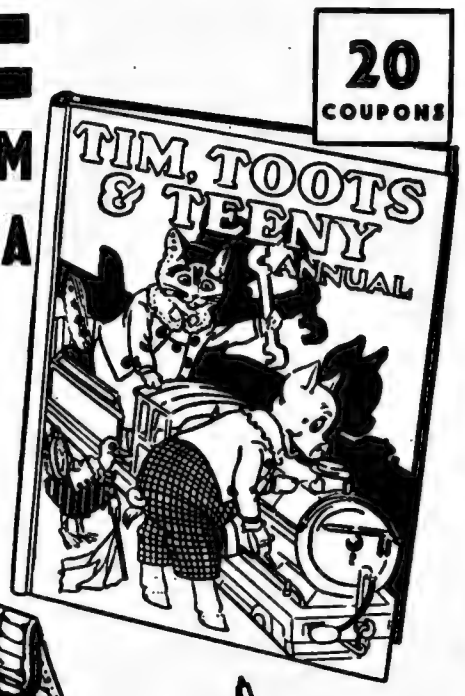
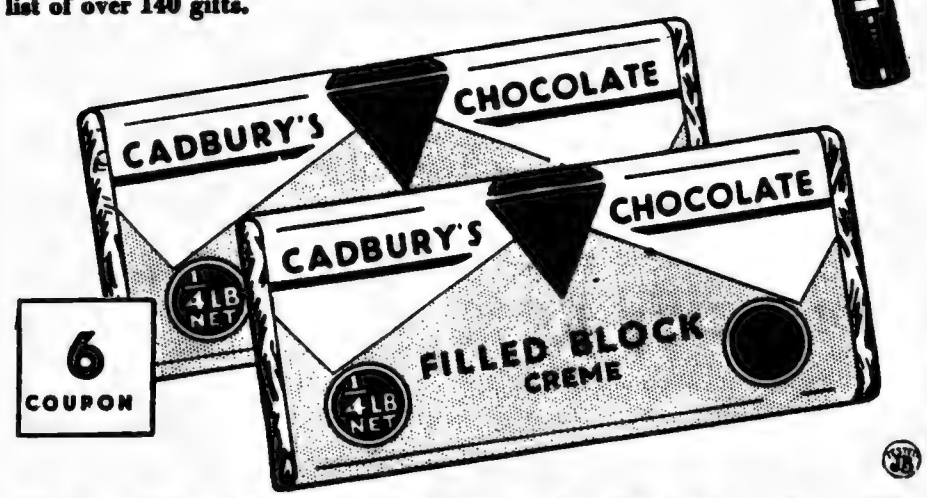


You want *quality* gifts, of course. And you want quality gifts *quickly*, too! Therefore you want the gifts from Bournville Cocoa. Only 20 coupons for Newnes' Tim, Toots and Teeny Annual, 128 pages—96 in colour. Only 26 coupons for a Whisk Banister Brush with a protected end to avoid damage to furniture. Aren't these wonderful coupon values? If it is father's turn for a gift, ask him whether he would like a real Hide Leather Wallet (24 coupons) or a Propelling Pencil (12 coupons). If it's a gift for the family, send only 6 coupons for two ½ lb. blocks of Cadbury's Chocolate-Creme and Truffle. A postcard (postage 1d.) addressed to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, will bring the complete list of over 140 gifts.



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A REMEDY that is almost MAGICAL —PHILLIPS 'Live' YEAST

PHILLIPS YEAST is wonderfully effective in the most stubborn cases of INDIGESTION and STOMACH TROUBLES. It is also excellent for URIC ACID TROUBLES (Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago)—NERVE TROUBLES (Neurasthenia, Depression, Insomnia, Headache and Neuralgia)—SKIN TROUBLES (Boils, Spots and Facial blemishes)—IMPURE BLOOD and ANAEMIA.

Take just a little PHILLIPS YEAST with each meal. It is PURE LIVE YEAST containing no drug and can be taken with safety, by young and old, for any length of time. It is a *splendid tonic* and removes the cause of most ailments.

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In granular form (NOT A TABLET) . . . . very easy to take

15 days for 1/3

OF ALL CHEMISTS and all Branches of Boots Taylors and Timothy Whites.

"Little grains of LIFE"

£1,000 and 42 Souvenir Prizes Won in "John Bull" Crossword No. 197.

In the above competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £800 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £400 will be sent.

Mrs. Nellie Kift, 2, Queens Road, Mumbles, Swansea.

Mrs. L. A. FitzGerald, 27, Hollybank Road, Drumcondra, Dublin.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, February 14th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 40 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 10s. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

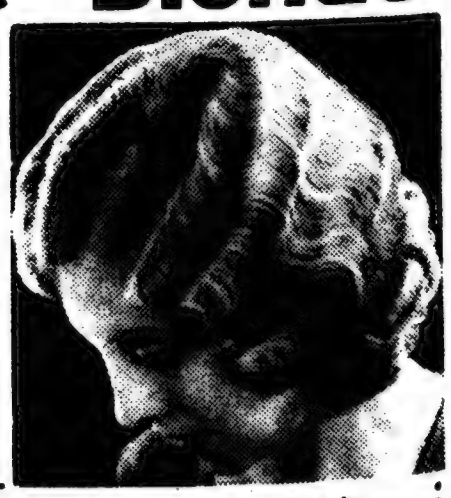
In addition to the above cash awards, the winners sharing the First Prize and each of the 40 sharing the £100 for Runners-up will receive a £2 Souvenir Writing Set.

CROSSWORD No. 195: The extra £100 offered in this contest has been divided between 22 entrants, and payments of £4 10s. 11d. are being despatched accordingly.

See Page 36 for "John Bull's" 200th Splendid X-Word offer. There is a First Prize of £5 a Week for Life and £1,000 cash or a lump sum of £3,250 and increased prizes for Runners-up. Try your skill now!

"Sunshine" Blonde

EVERY lady with fair hair should try the marvellous Beautifying Power of Edwards "HARLENE" Camomile Golden Hair Wash, a wonderful preparation which produces that rare Ash Blonde effect and imparts a glorious light-gold "Sunshine" touch to Fair Hair. It transforms dull hair into a "halo of sunshine" and has started a new fashion known as "Sunshine Blonde." Edwards "HARLENE" Camomile Golden Hair Wash will bring out the *true* beauty of your fair hair. Money refunded under our guarantee if not satisfied.



"HARLENE" CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH

From all Chemists, or by post 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle

FREE! Send this coupon with your name and address and 3d. stamps for Post and Packing for Free Sample to Edwards Harlene Ltd. (G.800) 20/26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

JOHN BULL *Beats the* Lunacy Lords

A BOY *out of* BONDAGE

TEN weeks ago, under the heading "The Kidnapping of Kitchener Sparkes," JOHN BULL described a specimen case of the terrible tyranny of the lunacy authorities over healthy and innocent young people.

It was not a selected instance. We presented it as typical in all its circumstances of scores of cases of the kind which are brought to our notice every week.

Before it was published we demonstrated this fact to a number of Members of Parliament who called at our offices with a request to examine some of the evidence upon which we have been exposing the astounding powers and methods of the lunacy lords.

Tribute is due to Mr. J. Smedley Crooke, M.P.

Our challenge

When it was mentioned to these M.P.s that it was intended to inform the public about the case of Kitchener Sparkes they agreed that, if anything, it was less scandalous than others which were given to them from our private files for examination.

The sequel to the publication of the truth about Kitchener Sparkes in JOHN BULL was an outcry for official action from all over the land.

Taking this case as representative of a multitude, we made the gravest possible indictment of the lunacy administration.

We laid bare its ghastly system of filching boys and girls and young men and women from their homes and casting them into asylums, possibly for life, solely because they were slow in schoolwork or had been in mischief.

Our presentation of the facts about Kitchener Sparkes was also an unequivocal challenge to the Minister of Health, who is the member of the Government answerable to the House of Commons for the mental services.

It was inconceivable that a Minister of the Crown could ignore our revelations in this case of wrongful asylum imprisonment, definitely declared to be typical of many.

Still less was it conceivable that the present Minister of Health, Sir E. Hilton Young, able administrator and lover of justice, would not unhesitatingly take steps to have Kitchener Sparkes released immediately he was satisfied that this course was advisable.

Kitchener Sparkes is now free.

Joke's tragic sequel

For seven years—since he was eleven years of age—Kitchener has been an asylum inmate, and for the past two years his sole companions have been adult lunatics and imbeciles.

He was certified and put away as mentally defective after he was arrested for raiding an orchard and "stealing" the tools of some workmen near his home at Felixstowe.

Actually what he did was, in the workmen's absence, to hide the tools in a hollow tree as a joke.

A lunacy representative, as is common nowadays, attended the children's court and asked that Kitchener should be handed over as a mental suspect.

The boy was taken to a workhouse twenty miles from his home and kept for weeks in the company of paupers and tramps. Then he was transferred to a mental institution.

The order for his detention was that it should be until he was sixteen. As almost invariably happens, he was not released then, although he had excelled in scholarship and sport. Instead, he was next placed in the lunacy ward of an asylum, where he lingered for two years.

While a lunacy prisoner, he was allowed to join the Boy Scouts, and he demonstrated his sanity by passing easily a series of difficult proficiency tests.

When on occasional leave from the asylum, he proved his skill and competence to earn a livelihood by piloting passenger motor boats at an East Coast holiday resort and acting as private pilot of a racing speed-boat to a London business man.

Unknown to the authorities, one day three months ago, Kitchener was taken to London and examined privately by an eminent mental specialist, who gave a certificate that he was sane and that there was not the slightest justification for his detention in an asylum.

When this certificate was shown to the lunacy authorities, it was treated with derision and a firm refusal to give Kitchener his freedom.

Questions in Parliament

It was then JOHN BULL decided to make known the truth.

Tribute has to be paid to Mr. J. Smedley Crooke, M.P. for Deritend, Birmingham, in making it possible for our exposure to be brought officially before the responsible Minister.

Mr. Smedley Crooke endeavoured first to have the matter raised in the House of Commons by a question addressed to Sir Hilton Young.

The question was neither asked nor printed in the Parliamentary Question Paper.

Surprisingly, Sir Hilton Young asked that it should be withdrawn, and expressed the opinion that it was much more satisfactory to deal with cases of the kind by way of correspondence rather than by way of question and answer in the House of Commons.

Re-united! Kitchener Sparkes and his mother

We profoundly disagree. The lunacy lords loathe publicity, of course, but that is the very reason why it should be given when their administration is challenged or criticised.

So deeply entrenched is the Board of Lunacy Control in extraordinary statutory powers that the only loophole left for official investigation of its methods is Parliamentary questioning.

In avoiding the publicity thus entailed, Sir Hilton Young has innocently played into the hands of the bureaucrats and demolished the only public protection available to unfortunate asylum inmates.

However, Kitchener Sparkes has been released after his seven years' captivity and restored to his home.

Some very curious statements are contained in an official Ministry of Health letter explaining the reason for the youth now being set free.

One is that it had been decided some weeks before JOHN BULL published the facts about Kitchener Sparkes that he should be let out on licence this month. We cannot accept that assertion as it is presented. It is true that when Kitchener's relatives repeated their appeal for his release they were told "Perhaps in six months . . ."

But they had often been told the same thing. The relatives of young people held prisoner in asylums are always put off again and again with some such remark.

If it had been decided so long ago to release Kitchener, why is it that only a month before the alleged decision he was re-certified for a further period of detention?

Why, also, was the certificate of the famous mental specialist—given much later—treated with contempt and described as worthless?

Release the others . .

Apparently as justification for his long imprisonment, it is also stated in the letter that at one time Kitchener was "dishonest and unclean."

His only "dishonesty" was the childish prank for which he was put away.

All the evidence is against the charge that he was "unclean." He was fond of open-air bathing and there is abundant proof that he was always smart and tidy.

"Dishonest and unclean!" What a wonderful glimpse is given in this phrase of the official mind! It is thought justifiable to snatch a boy from an excellent home and lock him up in a lunatic asylum for years simply because he may have committed some trifling misdemeanour or been grubby!

Anyhow, young Kitchener Sparkes is one victim whom the Board of Control has been forced to free from its tyrannous grip.

There are innumerable other young people still in bondage who should likewise be enjoying freedom.

Sir Hilton Young will perform the greatest service in his public career if he continues for them the work he has begun in the case of Kitchener Sparkes.

HELP!—Hospitals Calling

JOHN BULL readers have always been conspicuous for their keen, enthusiastic interest in the work of our hospitals—but even they will be astonished by some of the striking facts made public in the course of the great "On-to-Prosperity" Contest which has been launched to help them through their financial difficulties.

Out of 607 voluntary hospitals covered in a recent review, over 300 had been engaged in adding to their accommodation or modernising their equipment during the past two years. Imagine the effort, the financial stress, which these improvements have involved—in order that the hospitals may better serve the sick and suffering.

Indeed, so fast does medical knowledge develop and extend, that the life of a hospital building to-day is reckoned at not much more than fifty years.

These two facts alone give some idea of the tremendous demands the hospitals have to meet, of the terrific burden on their resources. The hospitals rightly demand the best equipment, the finest ammunition, for their battle with ill-health and disease.

The "On-to-Prosperity" Contest affords the opportunity for every one to take a share in this great work. It offers in addition an opportunity to win a gigantic cash prize—£25,000 if the winner is a registered *Daily Herald* reader, or £20,000 if he or she is not. Every penny of the profits goes to the hospitals, and the prize money in full is guaranteed by the *Daily Herald*.

The contest is a simple one. All readers are asked to do is to select the 12 best out of 28 slogans listed on the entry form. The entry fee is 6d. for each entry column completed. Full particulars and entry form are on page 2. Turn to it and fill in an entry column *at once*!

This 5-ft. MUFFLER for ONLY 75 SPORTS packets

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IN YOUR OWN TEAM'S COLOURS

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★ *Club colours are available for the 4 Divisions of the Football League, 2 Divisions of Scottish League, Rugby League and Speedway Clubs. This offer is open until Easter, 1933.*

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£400 must be won weekly (11 matches only). Ask your tobacconist for B.D.V. 'Sports' entry form.

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NOW ALSO IN PACKETS
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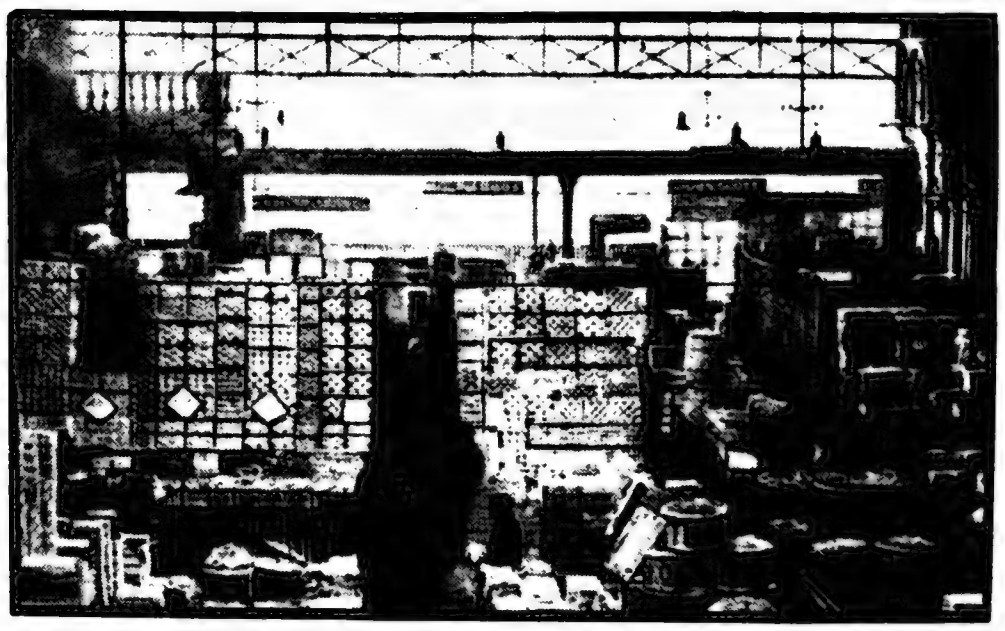
Chain Store MAGNATE Unmasked



A portion of Central Avenue, Covent Garden. James' pretentious scheme suggested that he was planning an organisation to rival the great fruit mart

ALL classes of people have been badly defrauded in an ambitious venture that was launched recently with the object of establishing a chain of high-class shops in various famous resorts.

In the ranks of the duped are to be found a builder, shopfitter, business equipment manufacturer, garage proprietor, business men and numberless employees.

Yet the amazing thing is that the whole scheme has been engineered by one individual, who has played his cards so dexterously that not one of the many people he has duped once entertained the slightest suspicion as to his *bona fides*.

He is William Elton James, a man of many activities and many addresses, and from investigations we have made it is possible to tell the exclusive story of his latest master coup.

We have traced his first ingenious move in the game to a day when he called at the office of a firm of chartered accountants in Brighton to discuss a business matter "of great importance."

He outlined a promising scheme for starting a chain of high-class fruiterers in Brighton, Hove and other South Coast resorts, and chatted with the accountant on the question of the formation of a company to control this enterprise.

It was hinted that when the appropriate time came the work of floating such a company would be entrusted to the chartered accountant, who was even sounded as to his willingness to accept the position of secretary.

But after this preliminary interview James never approached the accountant again, and it was presumed that the venture had fallen through. Actually, James was being most active in other directions, and it can here be revealed that his visit to the accountant in the first case was a sheer piece of bluff and that he never had the slightest intention of enlisting the services of an expert in furthering his schemes.

His real object in making that call is now painfully apparent to the many people he has since defrauded.

For he falsely represented that his company had already been launched under the title of the South Coast Wholesale Fruit Supply, and that the *whole of the financial side of the undertaking was in the hands of this firm of chartered accountants!*

Ambitious scheme

The pretentious title suggested that the scheme would outrival Covent Garden, and the mere mention of the chartered accountants' name was sufficient to cement confidence.

People who listened to his plausible stories of the arrangements that were supposed to have been made could not guess that James was simply enlarging upon that one brief interview and giving his imagination full rein.

With bluff of this sort he actually succeeded in obtaining possession of two shops, one in Trafalgar Street, Brighton, and another in Western Road, Hove.

Then the game started in real earnest. James began to acquire equipment, placing orders for scales, cash registers and the like, intimating all the while that bigger orders would follow immediately his chain of shops was extended.

Soon the company had its own lorry, and contracts were placed with builders and shopfitters so that to all outward appearances the ambitious project was being rapidly realised.

Having created this atmosphere of prosperity, James next advertised for managers, wholesale salesmen and assistants, and there was no lack of applicants for the "permanent positions" which were supposed to exist with the flourishing South Coast Wholesale Fruit Supply Company.

James never wearied of retelling his plausible story of his big drive for success and prosperity; but he intimated that he wanted the men he engaged to share his own enthusiasm. In order that they would have a real interest in this vast enterprise he thought it would be a good idea if successful applicants made an investment in the company.

He had a sliding scale to suit the means of all applicants, ranging from £50 to £150; and if anyone wavered he was immediately taken on a triumphal tour of inspection, shown the existing shops, and regaled with stories of the costly shop-fitting contracts which had been entered into.

Then, on a day when James was to have met a group of his investing-managers for a special conference, he failed to appear!

He has not been seen since.

Victims stranded

Behind him he has left chaos and no small measure of tragedy, for some of his victims have been very badly hit.

It is impossible to estimate the full extent of his depredations, because complaints are still coming in, two fresh ones having reached us since we commenced our investigation.

But the losses of those victims who have already approached us personally make a formidable total, in addition to which there are many trade creditors. We know, too, that the police have received numerous complaints.

Contractors have been left unpaid and the lorry and various articles of shop equipment had been obtained by James on hire-purchase agreements and have all been seized by their respective owners.

How ruthless James has been is illustrated best by the plight of the managers, salesmen and others whom he engaged on promises of "permanent employment."

Most of them had moved specially to the South Coast in readiness for taking up their appointments, and are now stranded there, having leased houses or flats and rearranged their family affairs.

Bad record

One of them, a Mr. A. Richardson, has been doubly hit, because he sold a flourishing business in Southend to take up an appointment under James and sank money in the new venture as well.

Even the man engaged to drive the lorry was cruelly victimised by James. He sold his house to obtain money to deposit with his employer, and has now been left stranded and penniless. Apart from this crushing loss he was never paid any wages!

Before his descent upon Brighton and Hove, we find, James was in business in Chichester. But there is no evidence that the experience gained there fitted him to become the proprietor of a chain of super fruit stores. Indeed, several county court judgments are registered against him.

If it was to recoup his lost fortunes that he launched his latest enterprise, he has certainly been successful, but so many people have suffered in the process that it will be a monstrous thing if he is not found and called to account for his wicked and heartless frauds.

The Woman WINS!

MR. THOMAS HENDERSON, of 84, Clarendon Road, Lancaster, has chosen the lump sum of £800 as First Prize in our Crossword Competition No. 196. The only correct solution in this competition was sent in above his name.

Four solutions were sent in from the Henderson home—three failures were Mr. Henderson's, and it was his wife who filled in the winning square; but she decided that it should be entered in her husband's name, and the award is therefore made to him.

Mr. Henderson says that he and his wife have been competing in crossword competitions for over five years.

Our winner has chosen a lump sum of £800 cash instead of £300 and a weekly pension of 30s., mainly because of the state of his health.

"My family will benefit, of course," he said, "and there are a few things we can now do that we have long wished to do."

Mrs. Henderson here chipped in with the advice that to keep on trying is the only possible course for competitors.

"Perseverance may succeed in the long run, and, in any case, there is fine amusement in Crosswords." She added: "It is largely a matter of careful thought. You have to weigh studiously the pros and cons before coming to a decision."

The biggest sensation in the history of Crosswords awaits you on page 36, where a Record Prize of £5 a week for life and £1,000 cash is offered this week. Start on the amusing puzzle this evening!

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

USE TIME WELL

THE following passage was written by an Englishman more than eighty years ago:

"I suppose it may be said that every man is an idle man. Did anyone ever see a man who did not naturally gravitate to idleness, unless perchance he had a heart complaint? Nay, so natural is it, that very idle men plead its very naturalness as a proof that it is almost irresistible.

"No man does hard work naturally. He must be driven to it, no matter whether it be by the love of money or the fear of hell. Idleness of its own nature is sweet, sweeter than the brightest gift the gay world can give."

This confession gripped my attention when I read it, because, as I have often told my friends, I have a natural talent for idleness, but have never had a proper chance to exercise it. I think I could do well in that line if circumstances were favourable, which they never have been.

Yet, on the other hand, there is nothing more boring, more demoralising, than long-continued compulsory idleness; it is one of the curses of the modern world.

For health and happiness we need regular and useful occupation. It must be regular, because jumping from one thing to another, without plan, order or system, dissipates the energies and induces instability of mind. And work that is not useful in some way soon becomes intolerable.

It is said that one of the most maddening tasks ever given to convicts was that of shifting stones from one side of a road to the other and back again.

There are many readers of these words condemned to idleness through inability to find employment of any sort. Some of them have told me that one of the worst features of this miserable state of affairs is that after a time the habit of doing nothing grows upon one, and the very thought of exerting oneself becomes distasteful.

Young fellows who have not long left school and have never had a job of real work in their lives are still more unfortunately placed for they know nothing of the benefit of paying their footing in life, so to speak, by having something to do daily that is worth doing for the common good and being able to put their heart into it.

If I had any influence with men or women whose time hangs heavily on their hands, I should say to them:

Don't be content to drift aimlessly through life. Take up a hobby if you are unable to work at your trade, but don't let it be a hobby that is mere amusement, such as dog-racing or watching other fellows play football. Recreation is not the same thing as steady application to a productive purpose.

One of the most important problems of the present day is that of learning how to make the best use of enforced leisure. Some of the best-educated men I know are working men who have used their free time to acquire a knowledge of the finest products of the human mind throughout all ages.

And it is astonishing how quickly a man can go to pieces morally and otherwise if he lets himself sag into a mere loafer whose one object is to get through his waking hours as agreeably as possible and with as little trouble to himself.

Be your own employer, with or without wages, and whether you can find any other or not. Fill your days with interests that tend to the advancement of the general welfare, and you will enjoy both self-respect and peace of mind.

Four Dictators hold up The BIG for the

The industrialists are watching those guarded doors . . . Mr. Gibson Jarvie

QUICKLY, secretly, with only now and then one of the high points of combat picked out and revealed momentarily to the public by the spotlight of publicity, a battle of millions is being fought in Downing Street and the City, the outcome of which is of tremendous importance to everyone in this country.

The protagonists in this struggle are famous bankers, high Treasury officials, great industrialists.

They are fighting for the hoarded millions of Great Britain—the millions that have been drawn out of industry and lie in the banks, the building societies, and in scores of savings institutions.

No one can say just how enormous those hoarded millions are, but the share of the big joint-stock banks alone totals at least £420,000,000.

During the last year banks deposits, for instance, rose by £246,000,000—that means at the rate of not far short of £1,000,000 for every working day. Their investments of money, formerly advanced to industry, jumped by £176,000,000.

Tragic paradox

Very many millions more have gone to the building societies—enormously more than they can employ in their ordinary business of advancing money on mortgages on house property, so that they have been forced to take action to stem the tide of money flowing to them—money which they cannot profitably employ.

Yet still the hoarded millions grow—a startling paradox when we consider the money needed for all sorts of developments, when we remember that new housing and road schemes alone costing £30,000,000 have been held up for lack of money and that new schools, upon which close upon £1,000,000 was to be spent, have been "axed," although there are 1,200 schools on the Government's list as unfit for children.

A tragic paradox, when we consider the enormous amount of slum clearing that needs to be done, and is not being done for lack of money, although a body of building and architectural experts has just declared that pleasant, healthy, modern flats could be built and let at rents no higher than those paid for slum tenements to-day, and still show a reasonable profit.

And still the battle goes on.

Let us survey the combatants. Let us endeavour to see behind the superficial mask with which they front the world, into the recesses of their minds, judge, if we can, their motives and their ambitions, in order that we may see what it is that lines them up in this struggle—this one on this side, that one on the other.

For this battle of finance, the changing fortunes of which touch us all, has just recently blazed into the open with the Bank of England's ban for the time being on all new Trustee loans, which means an embargo on the raising of fresh money for municipal and similar developments.

The ban came swiftly and without warning. For the time being it is absolute.

What, then, were the motives behind it? Why must money be refused for development schemes when the vaults of the banks are bursting with the treasury of plenty, when everywhere investors complain that there is nothing in which they can put their money?

By whose design was the ban inflicted? Upon whose advice are these hoarded millions kept aloof?

Of one thing we may be certain. The combatants on both sides of this struggle are fighting for what they believe to be best in the national good. It is no story of virtue *versus* villainy, but of a clash of wills and minds of men who believe passionately that different courses are right.

The four defenders—

Behind every movement of finance, however inhuman it may seem when translated into the cold print of figures, there are men. And behind the ban on new Trustee issues, which means a ban on the raising of money by the issue of securities, such as municipal stocks, there are four men—Mr. Neville Chamberlain (Chancellor of the Exchequer), Mr. Montagu Norman (Governor of the Bank of England), Sir Warren Fisher (Permanent Secretary of the Treasury and head of the Civil Service), and Sir Richard Hopkins (Second Secretary of the Treasury).

* * *

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, strong man of the National Movement, believer in economy and orthodox economics, defender of the credit of British finance.

* * *

Mr. Montagu Norman, the autocrat of banking, the financier with the temperament of an artist and with the contempt of the artist for all who do not agree with him.

* * *

Sir Warren Fisher, dapper, perfectly dressed, possessed of the manner and the best manners in that Mecca of suave courtesy, the higher ranks of the Civil Service, a believer in the Gold Standard so greatly that a few days before Great Britain left it he declared that he would feel abandonment as a personal affront to his honour, and he knew that every Englishman worthy of the name—yes, even the ordinary man in the street—the 'busman, the policeman, the tram conductor—would feel the same.

* * *

Sir Richard Hopkins, enigmatic, behind a pipe, the real artificer of the War Loan Conversion Scheme (the greatest financial feat in history), and one of the finest financial brains in the country, though his name is not even known to the majority of people.

Truly, these four make impressive fighters of finance, and so far they have carried the field.

* * *

Mr. Neville Chamberlain wants national and local economy, and he is driving it forward ruthlessly, despite the scarce-concealed objections even of the Prime Minister.

He wants British credit to stand four-square to all the winds of financial panic that may blow about the world, stinging winds from over the Channel, gusty gales from across the Atlantic. And he believes that the surest sign of a strong national credit is a rise in British Government securities.

* * *

Mr. Montagu Norman believes primarily in Britain's leadership in international affairs. He believes, secondly, in the Gold Standard; and thirdly—or, perhaps, it ought to have been firstly—he believes in himself.

He believes that, above all and at whatever cost, Britain must regain that position of Banker to the World she held for so long, and he believes that to regain that position she needs a currency tied to gold, a currency which can "look the dollar in the face," and, not as now, merely be in a position to butt it in the middle, however much to the advantage of British trade that second condition may be.

* * *

Sir Warren Fisher believes—but perhaps feels would be a better word, for he believes not merely with his mind, but emotionally—that the British are the chosen leaders of the world, and he feels it like a slur on his own name that other nations should have had the opportunity—temporary though it may have been—of gloating over what they thought was a Britain humbled and tumbled in the dust in the crisis of 1931.

To him it is a personal affront that anyone should be able even to suggest that Britain has escaped some of her liabilities by allowing her currency to depreciate.

* * *

Sir Richard Hopkins wants no possible shadow to fall on the great War Loan Conversion Scheme which he conceived and helped so largely to carry through.

When that scheme was floated, when doubts as to whether British credit could permanently be maintained on a 3½ per cent. basis began to creep into the minds of those who, however patriotic their feelings, were faced with the duty of advising as honestly as they could hundreds of men and women on the advisability of converting, he more or less pledged his judgment that British credit would not fall below that level.

And he is anxious to keep his word.

The Battle of the Ba

See the Defenders-in-Chief of their stronghold: Stron Chamberlain and Autocrat defy the invadi

These four m power and grea common purpos can serve the country best credit of British ties and the in the foreign world.

Therefore, w borrowing for

FEBRUARY 4, 1933

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The BIG FIGHT for the NATION'S Hoarded Millions

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The Battle of the Bank of England—

See the Defenders-in-Chief guarding the portals of their stronghold: Strong Man Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Autocrat Montagu Norman defy the invading hosts

These four men, all men of great power and great ability, all with a common purpose, believe that they can serve the interests of their country best by maintaining the credit of British Government securities and the value of the pound in the foreign exchanges of the world.

Therefore, when they saw that borrowing for works schemes by municipalities, by increasing the demand for investment funds and giving investors a greater number of securities to choose from would lead to a demand for higher interest rates, and, consequently, to a fall in the market value of British Government securities—seeing that people would want a higher interest yield even on Government stocks—they stepped in at once.

Two municipal loans were issued. They were not successful, because they did not offer a sufficiently high interest to make them attractive to investors. Other municipalists made plans to offer a higher return. Government securities began to fall.

And swiftly, dramatically, the ban was imposed. The Stock Exchange might object as it liked, the Mayors of great industrial cities might send protests. It made no difference.

—The invading host

It did not matter to these four that at the Bank of England there was a waiting list—three closely-typed foolscap sheets with the names of municipalities and similar borrowers wanting to raise loans.

They acted swiftly and certainly, just as they had acted only a few days before, when they considered that the big Boots deal could not be allowed to proceed because the transfer of £8,000,000 across the Atlantic might lead to a fall in the pound.

These four are the commanders, the highly successful commanders, of the forces which will not agree that the hoarded millions of Britain shall circulate once more.

* * *

And on the other side?

The fighters for monetary expansion, for the release of funds, for works developments? They are a larger army, and they have on their side the great body of public opinion that stands aghast before the tragic paradox of ever-growing unemployment in a world overflowing with wealth.

But though they are larger, they are not so well organised. They do not possess the key position of those others—they are powerless before the swift precision of attacks such as this latest ban.

But in the end they may win because they have on their side the aspirations, the beliefs, the needs of ordinary humanity, that sees that a high quotation for Government securities on the Stock Exchange is no true compensation for three million unemployed.

At their head, fighting for them in the City, in the counsels of finance, struggling to obtain a policy which will free some of those idle millions of money, are men like Mr. Reginald McKenna, the chairman of the Midland Bank, one time rowing Blue, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, the politician turned banker, who matches in ability, in rapier-like wit, in disregard for the opinions of others, his old adversary, Montagu Norman.

On the other side, there is another joint stock banker in Mr. A. A. Paton, head of Martins Bank, and an authority on matters concerning the great Lancashire cotton industry. There is even a director of the Bank of England itself in Sir Basil Blackett, writer, economist, one-time Civil Servant in the Treasury, whose views he now so often opposes.

Industrialists like Sir Harry McGowan and Lord Melchett, of Imperial Chemical Industries, like Sir Hugo Hirst, of the General Electric Company, and a host of others; business men like Lord Leverhulme, President of the London Chamber of Commerce; men like Mr. Gibson Jarvie, head of the United Dominions Trust, which is advancing money to industry wherever it can; leaders of the great building societies, like Sir Harold Bellman, of the Abbey Road, which are planning schemes to increase building; economists like Mr. J. M. Keynes, with his unanswerable logic and biting tongue—all these are fighting for expansion.

One could go on longer, for the names of those who are opposing at some point or other a policy which keeps money from flowing into industry and trade are legion.

Stalwart attackers in the financial fight—Sir Harold Bellman wearing grim determination, and Mr. Reginald McKenna hurrying to cross swords with his arch-enemy, Norman

Yet, despite this strength, despite the ability and the prestige of those who want expansion, those four men, with their common purpose, their swift strategy, yield not at all. And all the while, in the banks, the millions pile higher and higher.

But the battle is not over yet. Some time, somehow, those millions must be released. For what matters most in the world to-day is not financial credit or interest rates, but human happiness and human well-being.

And until those millions are used, until somehow work is made possible and the wheels of industry restarted, there can be neither happiness nor well-being for a tragic number of men and women and children in every corner of our country.

Watching for an opening to project the shell-fire of his logic—Mr. J. M. Keynes, whose war-cry is "Spend, spend, spend!"

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Quick Quaker

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker*
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"JOHN BULL'S" READERS' OWN STORIES—21

Trapping a JUNGLE MAN-KILLER

WHEN Lionel Dee's .500 express crashed the last and fatal bullet into the hide of a rogue elephant in Mooply Valley I breathed freely again, and one of the most thrilling episodes of my life was over.

That particular rogue elephant was the worst of its type to come within my ken during years in the Indian jungle. As manager of Chemoni Valley in the Cochin district of Southern India, I was glad to see the end of a brute which, besides taking many native lives, had done enormous damage to plantations and fencing.

Our rubber plantations were situated in the least-explored tract of jungle which lies in the foothills of the Nelliampthies Range. Added to the fact that the tract was a natural sanctuary for game was the law of the Maharajah against the shooting of elephants—regarded as sacred—in this native State of the Madras Presidency.

It was not surprising that numbers of these protected rogue elephants ranged not only this district, but down through the jungle into the neighbouring State of Travancore. These were the worst enemies of the ubiquitous British planters who, having settled themselves in a corner of this vast territory, had to fight for their foothold in the wilds.

In the course of a single year they must resist disease, jungle fires, floods, landslides, noxious weeds, and last, but not least, the depredations of animal life.

Of the last-mentioned their most formidable enemy is the rogue elephant, by reason of his enormous capacity for destruction, his uncanny cunning, his undoubted courage and his intelligent and incessant warfare.

The danger to human beings from elephants in the herd is not very great, if care be taken to avoid annoying them, but when an elephant is expelled from his group of fellows he becomes a jungle Ishmaelite. Having to maintain a lone existence, he develops extraordinary sagacity and savagery.

"It turned and, with uplifted trunk, charged mightily at the dog."

SUCH a brute was the old bull that had ravaged the district for years. Despite the damage he had done and the many coolie lives he had taken, all attempts to induce the Government Forestry Department to proscribe him as a rogue, and thus sanction his destruction, had failed.

In these circumstances it was little wonder that we found this elephant coming in from the jungle and the outer sections of the plantations to the more settled portions where the coolie labourers lived.

These raids were always conducted at night, the rogue knocking off hut roofs and demolishing buildings in wholesale fashion, besides chasing the terrified natives into the jungle.

Finally, the situation became desperate The big brute was at last so bold that he went up to the bungalow of my assistant one night and smashed the stables and back veranda while the servants were in bed. They rushed from him screaming in terror, for the great beast was clearly visible in the moonlight.

The end of official passivity had to come. A few days later a number of coolies were sent into the jungle to cut bamboos. Included in their number was a lame man. This band was busily at work chopping with their jungle knives, making enough noise to keep any wild animal away, when the terror burst upon them.

They knew him instantly by his broken tusk and the viciousness of his charge. The gang bolted right and left, and arrived back at the rubber factory, its members breathless and half-dead with fright.

Then it was noticed that the lame man was missing. A subsequent search by a large gang of coolies led by my assistant, Mr. William Dennys, who now lives in Kent, by the way, revealed a shocking sight back in the small clearing.

The lame man had been stamped into pulp by the great evil brute, his remains being almost indistinguishable from the soft, black jungle loam. Only splintered bones and chunks of mud mixed with flesh revealed that a human being had died violently.

These few pathetic relics of a man were conveyed to the estate and later inspected by native policemen. So strong was the official disinclination to blame an elephant that it was actually suggested the man had been murdered by his companions! But this preposterous notion was never taken seriously.

WITH the Europeans and Indians of the district alike supporting me, I went once more to the Conservator of Forests and demanded the destruction of the brute. The usual Governmental delay took place, and it must have been fully a month before the permission of the Maharajah was obtained for the proscribing of the elephant.

This was early in the year, and we planters were at our busiest season. We were, naturally, glad to accept the offer of help made by a well-known big-game hunter, Mr. Lionel Dee, of Coimbatore, who welcomed an opportunity of getting a shot at such a notorious rogue as was our elephant.

Dee's native shikari arrived a week ahead of him, with instructions to enter the jungle and try to locate the animal. This tattered-looking individual obtained all the information I could give him. Then he packed some food in a cloth and, armed only with a stick and a knife, disappeared into the jungle. Thereafter we did not see him again before Dee arrived.

The well-known hunter appeared one very hot morning after travelling by car all night. After a long drink and an hour's rest, he expressed a wish to visit Echipara plantation, where the rogue had been making his presence felt in the last few weeks.

Thinking he might sight a sambhur,

(Continued on page 24)

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DISPENSING The Boots Chemists *CHEMISTS*

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READ THESE TESTIMONIALS
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"Not long ago I developed a bad cough, while two of my relatives were suffering from distressing bronchitis. The very first dose of Famel Syrup gave considerable relief in the case of the bonchitis *while only four doses were sufficient to get rid of my own cough.* The effect was almost magical." J. M. (London).

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"I may say I always use it myself, as it heals a sore throat almost by one dose and is a certain cure for most kinds of coughs. It really is a great comfort, and I make my Nurses buy it in all cases of the after-effects of a 'flu cough."
I. C. (Matron) (London).

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"I am pleased to inform you that my son, 15 years of age, is completely cured, by the use of your excellent Syrup, of obstinate Bronchitis . . . I am bound to say that *your Syrup has a marvellous effect.*" W.

"I consider it to be the most efficacious remedy for acute or chronic inflammatory affections of the lungs. Your preparation *has no equal* among those of the same kind, as I am happy to testify." P.

Relief after the FIRST DOSE.

"I had instant relief after the first dose. Famel Syrup is simply wonderful, and I can assure you I have never tried anything to approach it. *Believe me, I shall never be without a bottle in the house.* My children have also been given the same treatment with the same wonderful result."
W. G. T. (Essex).

"I have found relief in the first dose, and have recommended it to my friends."
R. D. (Great Yarmouth).

Great relief for stubborn cough.

"I have had a stubborn cough for years, with attacks of bronchitis, and trying Famel Syrup on recommendation, found great relief after the first doses. I shall sincerely recommend it to my friends."
Mrs. H. (Southampton).

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(Continued from page 22)

The Jungle Giant Runs Amok!

Dee put his .500 express in the car and inserted a handful of cartridges in his pockets. Then we set off to question my coolies for news of Dee's shikari.

Half-way to Echipara, on a road fringed with dense jungle, we came upon Dee's shikari and two of my men. In reply to a "ragging" from Dee as to his inexpertness in failing to locate the rogue, the shikari grinned widely and told us that the elephant was at that very moment inside the jungle ten minutes away.

Although Dee had brought little ammunition, he decided to chance a shot or two at the rogue while we had him, for he was a most elusive brute and frequently roamed thirty or forty miles in a night. Off went Dee with his shikari and my two coolies.

I REMAINED in the car with my dachshund. Suddenly it occurred to me that if Dee should wound the brute and it should escape from the jungle it would be most likely to come tearing along the road, and there would be little of me or the dog left to mark its passing!

So the dachshund and I set out after the departed hunter with the intention of keeping as close as possible to the .500 express, for my only lethal weapon consisted of a cane!

Five minutes' hard climbing brought me fifty yards from a tree, behind which crouched Dee. By signs he made me understand that I must remain where I was as the elephant was right in front of him. Crouching, I could just make out the bulk of the brute through the foliage.

Breathlessly I waited through five long minutes, during which Dee raised and lowered his rifle several times, trying to get the shot he wanted. Cuddling his head on the stock of his rifle, he suddenly became fixed and two terrific crashes echoed through the jungle.

Immediately following, a colossal noise of rending and tearing was heard in the bushes, and the huge animal rushed into the open.

It reeled and almost sat on its haunches. Dee advanced rapidly, endeavouring to get in the finishing shot. The elephant was too quick for him, galloping away and smashing trees like tinder in its maddened flight.

ONE comical touch was my dachshund loping along at its heels. Then on went Dee and his shikari, followed by myself and my two coolies.

For three miles of heartbreaking going we followed the beast. It was then midday and unbearably hot, so soon we were lying panting for breath in the shade, having sent on the shikari and Chackappan (one of my coolies) in the tracks of the elephant. We knew that, wounded as it was, it would not run much further.

It was then Dee explained to me how it came about that he, a practised elephant hunter, had failed to bring down the rogue. As everyone knows, to kill an elephant the bullet must be so directed that it enters the front of the head below the protuberance situated immediately above the eyes. In this portion of the elephant's skull is located a passage which leads direct to the brain, itself so small that it approximates to the size of a small coconut.

Elephant-hunters invariably try to get below the level of their quarry in order that when they fire at the front of the animal's skull the bullet will go straight along this passage and lodge in the brain.

Dee explained to me that having only limited ammunition, and being unable to get below the elephant's level, he chanced a shot when the beast lifted his head to pull with his trunk at some young shoots. He had failed to reach the spot.

Well, as Dee had by now but one bullet left we decided to return to the bungalow, obtain more ammunition and resume the chase in the heat of the afternoon, when the elephant would be most likely to rest.

That afternoon the shikari and Chackappan reported having located the rogue in a ravine overgrown with bamboos. We set off for the spot, and when near to it we proceeded in single file and almost on tip-toe.

A reader's impression of Lionel Dee, the famous hunter, whose bullet accounted for the jungle terror

Upon our arrival we were faced with a problem. The huge beast was standing at the bottom of what would have been in wet weather a waterfall, in a hole filled with boulders. How was Dee to get below him in order to send a bullet crashing into his brain?

Dee decided that the best method was to fire his rifle over him in the hope that he would turn about and present a target. Raising his rifle he fired.

Alarmed, the elephant leapt into the air, legs splayed and ears aflap, altogether displaying an astonishing activity. Then it whirled about.

At that moment Dee, with astounding pluck and risking coming to grief on the boulders, leapt into the water-hole and hurried straight towards that towering brute

Dee's rifle swung to the ready.

Then the rogue displayed that uncanny cunning which distinguishes these monsters of the jungle He knew that in Dee and his express there lay a threat to his life. Somehow he knew that he must not face that gun. He whirled with amazing speed and presented his hindquarters to the hunter.

My companion at close range fired at his spine in the hope of crippling him, but it was patent to us that the beast was in magnificent condition and that the rolls of fat would prevent that bullet doing much harm.

The main effect of the shot was to cause the elephant to rush forward and present its head to the wall of rock. Dee lowered his rifle and stepped nearer to the brute, which suddenly turned. With equal speed Dee once more brought the rifle to his shoulder.

Immediately the cunning animal swung round, and, as he did so, Dee tried for a forlorn hope—a most difficult shot into the ear and thus to the brain along a tiny passage.

This shot was not fatal, but it caused the animal to crash heavily in a cloud of dust and dead leaves, bringing down with him small trees and boulders. For a moment we were all in great danger.

The wounded brute, however, was more content at the moment to save himself, and he clambered over the bank and escaped into the jungle.

It was now very late and we were extremely tired, so we decided we would have to give up the chase for the day.

Dee expressed the opinion that the rogue would make back to the feeding-ground in which we first discovered it, especially as a water-hole was located in the vicinity.

There, sure enough, next morning we found the now badly-wounded bull. In the meantime it had gone gun-shy, not surprising after the assaults of the .500 express on the previous day.

It kept moving away from us and circling in the jungle so that anything like an effective shot was impossible.

A NATIVE dog was brought into the operations. It was induced to go close to the elephant and bark at it. Now, elephants have a consuming hatred of dogs, and this impudent treatment was too much for our rogue. It turned and, with uplifted trunk, charged mightily at the dog, which ran terror-stricken back to us, the elephant barging along in his wake.

This was the shot for which we had all along sought in vain. Coldly calm, Dee stood right in the track of that on-rushing mountain of flesh. Steadily his rifle swung over, wavered an instant, then fixed immovable on its objective.

One shot from the .500 reverberated among the trees, and with a noise vast as that made by a falling building the elephant pitched headlong through the undergrowth over a bank into the ravine. Our job was done.

NEXT WEEK: ***A reader tells of a queer experience in the Australian bush, when he missed death by a few inches.***

Have We Had Yours?

Have you sent in your story? Personal narratives of real-life experiences are welcomed for this feature and £10 10s. is paid for every one used. MSS. should not exceed 2,000 words in length and may deal with any romantic, adventurous or unusual happening at home or abroad.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

A Mother's Heartache

Muriel

NINE-YEAR-OLD Muriel can smile bravely, though she is a helpless little cripple and has been in irons up to the waist for six years. She has been in and out of hospital, and is due to undergo an operation, but there is no hope of her recovery.

If Muriel were the daughter of a well-to-do family it might not be so hard. She is, however, the second of a family of six, the eldest aged ten years and the youngest fifteen months.

Of her not yet three-year-old brother her mother writes: "My little boy has had mastoids behind the ears, and the doctor was sent for. He operated at once, but could give him no anæsthetic, as he was not strong enough through lack of food. At twelve months old he weighed only 15 lb., and he is so thin now."

All Muriel's family are inured to discomfort. "They have had to go to school," is their mother's plaint, "with their feet soaked, and have had to stay like that all day. Many a time I have had to breathe on my hands and hold their little feet to get them warm. As to food, they have had to have bread and margarine until my heart aches to watch them."

Their father toils on road work to earn 27s. a week, and mends the children's shoes as best he can. Before the road work came his way he had only four months' work out of twelve. As a gardener he was not eligible for unemployment pay.

His wife is proud to think that he served four years in the war, and describes him as "a good husband."

This is Muriel's family history. Our readers can turn some of their drab days into red-letter days by sending donations earmarked "Muriel."

All subscriptions should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

764 PRIZES for DIPLOMA LIMERICKS £50

1ST PRIZE £50
2ND PRIZE £5
3RD PRIZE £3
4TH PRIZE £2
10 PRIZES OF £1 EACH
50 10/- POSTAL ORDERS
200 Parcels of DIPLOMA DAINTIES
500 2/6 POSTAL ORDERS

Some Rhymes that will help you :

aye, bray, clay, day, dray, eh, fay, flay, fray, gay, gray, hay, jay, lay, may, nay, neigh, pay, play, pray, prey, ray, say, slay, spray, stay, stray, sway, trail, weigh, affray, allay, array, astray, away, decay, delay, dismay, gainsay, obey, repay, waylay.

Said a jolly old Tar of Tor Bay,
"I'm just ninety-nine years old to-day:
I ascribe my long life
To the fact that my wife
.....

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept. 7)
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date : Entries must reach us not later than Friday, February 17, 1933.
Result : A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

D. 245

They Laugh When I Say I'm 38

"I am thirty-eight years of age and have two daughters, one nineteen and another fifteen. Six months ago, owing to worry and hard work, I looked even older than my years. To-day, thanks to Tokalon Skinfoods, every one says I do not look a day older than 25. People laugh when I introduce my two big grown-up girls and say it is not possible. I am always taken for their sister. Every one asks me how I manage to keep looking so young, and I am never tired of saying I owe it entirely to Tokalon Skinfoods."

The writer of the above prefers not to have her name and address published but her original letter may be seen on request.

Tokalon Rose Skinfood contains 'Biocel', the marvellous discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. It nourishes and rejuvenates the skin; lines and wrinkles quickly disappear; sallow, faded cheeks become fresh, clear and youthful. By using Tokalon 'Biocel' Skinfood regularly you can look at least 10 years younger in one month.

THOUSANDS BENEFIT FROM NEW DISCOVERY

LONDON mothers' experiences

"They call me the 'doctor' at home," says Mrs. SIMPSON, 82 Wyatt Park Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.2

"They say I'm always full of new ideas about health! I suppose I am, but you can't have a family of three youngsters and *not* be! There's Jeffrey — he's a handful! I read, of course, all about the new discovery in connection with Rowntree's Cocoa — that it's so wonderfully digestible, and helps you to digest your other food better. I'm sure it must be news to many mothers that the beverages you take with meals can have an effect on your digestion. It was to me! You may be sure all my family have Rowntree's Cocoa morning and evening! Needless to say, we're all particularly fond of the flavour of Rowntree's."

Recent discovery reveals that Rowntree's Cocoa is so digestible it actually helps to digest other food

"A wonderful physique for a girl of ten," says Mrs. ROAN, 5 Montpelier Bldgs., Montpelier St., S.W.1

"That's what the doctor said about Sylvia the other day, and I can tell you I was pleased! What mother wouldn't be! Sylvia looks much older than ten — she's so tall and well 'filled out.' My rule of health for her is plenty of time for play, and plenty of good food! I'm convinced Rowntree's Cocoa is one of the most healthful of beverages for youngsters. Sylvia has had it since she was quite young. We all love its flavour, prefer it to any other kind. I've told several of my friends — since hearing from the papers about the *digestibility* of Rowntree's — that they ought to take it, and one and all they've thanked me for the tip. *With meals*, I think it's the perfect drink—especially for children."

Of interest to *you* — to everyone — the new discovery about digestion of food recently made by one of the leading bio-chemists in the country! Rowntree's Cocoa, it was found, is so digestible that it actually helps to digest the food you eat with it! From now on, let your family's breakfast and supper drink be delicious Rowntree's Cocoa! 30 cupfuls from a ¼-lb. tin, 6d.; ½-lb. tin, 11d.

ROWNTREE'S

the COCOA that actually helps your digestion

3 FREE GIFT COUPONS
IN EVERY ¼-lb. TIN, PRICE 6d.

Send for illustrated gift booklet to Dept. J.B.2, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., York

CO 1-87

What to do
WHEN YOUR DOG IS LISTLESS

A WELL-CONDITIONED dog is always active and ready for a frolic. When he is listless you can be sure that he is unwell and suffering from an impure bloodstream. Food impurities have infected his blood, and because his skin is non-porous he cannot dispose of them in the normal way by perspiring.

These impurities have lowered his vitality and made him listless. He will remain listless until you provide him with a blood corrective; **act at once.** Give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which restore his happy spirits and give him perfect health by purifying his blood. Bob Martin's Condition Powders cure and prevent all blood ailments, such as **listlessness, dull coat, continual scratching, loss of appetite, sulky temper, eczema and swellings between the toes.**

Your nearest dog biscuit shop, chemist, and big store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders and 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Eng.

That is why
BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS
KEEP dogs fit!

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Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

SHOULD BE GIVEN TO ALL GROWING CHILDREN.

It is the most valuable body building and nerve restoring food known to medical science. It contains all the essential vitamins deficient in ordinary diet, and makes weakly children strong and healthy. Roboleine consists of Bone Marrow, Cream of Malt, Yolk of Egg and neutralised Lemon Juice, and has been recommended by doctors for over 25 years.

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ROBOLE ME, Handfords Laboratories, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9
Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. for posting and packing. (Use block letters.)
Name.....
Address.....
J.B.25.....
.....

HUMAN DOCUMENTS *Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

HIS MOTHER FIRST —or his GIRL?

IF, as the cynics say, marriage is a lottery, what is it to have children? When a man marries a girl he presumably knows a good deal about her. Her character, her personality, her temperament have all been formed.

With children it is far different. They may grow up happy, healthy, diligent—a credit to their parents—or they may be wilful, deceitful ne'er-do-wells, with little gratitude for the love and care their parents may have bestowed upon them.

The commandment said "Honour thy father and thy mother": what is the modern interpretation of that word "honour"? Does it mean blind, unswerving obedience to every demand and duty? That children owe a debt to their parents few will deny, but sometimes the payment expected is altogether unreasonable.

Here is a case in point. A young woman writes:

"On my sister's marriage three years ago I gave up training to be a nurse in order to keep house for my parents. My mother is an invalid, but not bedridden, and my father, although sixty-seven, still goes to work.

"I have three married brothers as well as my sister, and all doing well as things are to-day. Yet everybody thinks it is my *duty* to stay at home. What do you think?"

This is what I think: My correspondent has just as much right to live her life and make a career for herself as the other members of her family had to get married

It is a fact that married brothers and sisters often regard an unmarried sister as one who should remain at home to look after the old folk Such an attitude is both selfish and unfair.

Consider the case under review. My correspondent "gave up training to be a nurse" so that she might look after her parents. What is likely to happen?

She will probably outlive her father and mother and will then find herself without any career, possibly too old to resume her training, with her life's ambition denied her I suggest that she should point out these facts to her brothers and sisters

The care of those parents is a joint family responsibility and should be shared by them all Surely they could afford to pay for someone to look after that home, at any rate until my correspondent has been able to complete her training Then, in the event of her never marrying, she would always have a career to fall back upon.

* * *

My second letter comes from a young man of twenty-eight, who tells me that up to a few months ago he and his brother kept together a comfortable home for their sister and father. He continues:

"In the autumn my brother married and left me to be the sole supporter of our family. Now, my idea of a happy life is to have a home and wife and kiddies of my own But if I get married, what is to become of my father and sister?

"It would be quite impossible for my wages to serve for more than one home. Would I be shirking my duty to those dependent upon me or am I justified in satisfying my longings and not waiting until the best years of my life are over before I take a partner of my own?"

Here is another case where the family burden should be shared. "But the other brother is married," it may be said That does not relieve him of his liability Marriage may bring with it new responsibilities, but it does not mean that the old obligations can be ignored.

My correspondent talks about keeping a comfortable home for his father and sister, but are not these two able to do something to support themselves? Surely one of them at least is able to contribute a little towards the upkeep of the home. Could they not take in lodgers? Is the sister unable to undertake part-time work?

Between them all, this family of four should be able to devise some plan by which the wishes of my correspondent can be fulfilled After all, he is twenty-eight years old, and his desire to marry is a perfectly natural one.

* * *

My next problem is by no means so easy to solve It concerns a young man who, on the eve of his marriage, is faced with an unexpected responsibility His mother is struck down with progressive paralysis and his stepfather has deserted her.

As a result, he has to care unexpectedly for a helpless and confirmed invalid. His letter goes on:

"I have been in regular employment and have been in the habit of helping my fiancée, whose people are very badly off. But now that I have had to get someone to look after my mother, this is no longer possible. It is equally impossible for me to marry and support two homes.

"As a way out of the difficulty, I suggested to my fiancée that we should marry and live with my mother. I would, of course, keep someone to nurse my mother.

"My fiancée, however, refuses to hear of my suggestion. She says she wants a home of her own, to run in her own way. What am I to do now? I cannot continue to help everyone. I believe it to be my duty to stand by my mother, but I do not want to lose my fiancée."

I like the sound of this young man—I wish I could say the same about his girl.

What are the facts? He has been helping her because her "people are badly off." Now, when she could repay that generosity by being kindly disposed towards his mother, she becomes selfish and obstinate. I have never thought it wise for young married folk to live with the parents of one of them. But this case is far different That young man cannot leave his mother to her tragic plight. And he cannot afford to keep two homes.

He is considerate enough to suggest that he will arrange for someone to come and nurse his invalid mother so that his wife would be relieved of that burden What else can he do? He says he does not want to "lose his fiancée." But, quite frankly, I don't think that would be a great "loss."

This trouble has arisen before marriage What would happen when difficulties came along, as they do in every home? I should be sorry to have to rely upon a wife like this girl seems likely to make. No, my friend, make up your mind to face a disappointment now rather than a tragedy later on.

Tell your girl that you are going to stand by your mother. If she breaks off the engagement, the loss will be hers—not yours For you will discover this great truth—true happiness is created by sacrifice and is never born of selfishness.

* * *

PHILIP INMAN, JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," wants to help you. Anything that is causing you anxiety will receive his sympathetic consideration; his aim is to make life easier for you.

Every letter addressed to "Humanist" at JOHN BULL'S offices is treated in the strictest confidence and in no circumstances whatever is a reader's name or locality divulged.

Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your query. £1 1s. is paid for every letter quoted on this page.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Aintree Chances

THE new Grand National handicapper, Mr. Bulteel, has given backers a splendid problem. I had hoped that Kellsboro' Jack, my first fancy, would receive about 11 st. 6 lb., but he will have 4 lb. more to shoulder.

I went to Newbury to see the Wroughton jumper compete in the Osborne Handicap. From round about 2 to 1, he went out to 7 to 2, which was not a healthy sign, but he fenced splendidly.

My second choice, Heartbreak Hill, has 3 lb more to carry than last year, and I think the additional burden reasonable. At their allotted weights of 12 st. 2 lb., I prefer Coup de Chapeau to Golden Miller.

A Lewes correspondent advises me to keep the French-bred 'chaser in my list, as he is one of the most improved leppers in training.

It should be borne in mind that Coup de Chapeau is now at his prime, nine years, and that a couple of seasons ago, at level weights, he dead-heated with Easter Hero over the Aintree country.

I have spent a long time weighing up the bottom weights, and I like the Irish jumper, Ruin, as well as any. Although his record is not inspiring, he is the Liverpool type and has negotiated the "National" fences.

On more than one occasion he has finished in front of the speedy Egremont, giving last year's runner-up weight.

A fine card is set for decision at Lingfield. Buck Willow may beat the champions in the Troytown 'Chase. I like Black Admiral for the Trespasser Hurdle and Lunavada for the Godstone Hurdle.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 2, to Wednesday, February 8.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

CADBURYS BLOCKS—PRICE REDUCED 1930
PRICE REDUCED 1931—PRICE REDUCED 1932
AGAIN REDUCED 1932

The finest value in the Shops!

A 2-oz. block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate for only 2½d.!—that is what this latest Cadbury packing gives you.

A ¼ lb. of full-cream liquid milk, fresh from the farm—that is what Cadburys use in every 2-oz. milk block.

The price of Cadburys Milk Chocolate has come down—down—down. That is Cadburys way of passing on to you promptly the benefit derived from great increases in sales and from decreases in raw material costs. Every day now the public realise more and more that Cadburys Milk Chocolate is the finest value in the shops.

Blocks are better value

Cadburys

2-oz. BLOCKS

Cadburys Milk 2-oz. block 2½d. • Bournville Plain 2-oz. block 2d.
Cadburys Milk also in 2d. bars

Rigid scientific tests prove Colgate's has the power to penetrate and cleanse all danger spots where tooth decay begins.

She smiles with confidence

thanks to COLGATE'S

You, too, may smile with confidence, laugh with assurance knowing your teeth add to your charm when you use Colgate's. You surely will be amazed at the results from this world-famous dentifrice. Colgate's devotes itself to making and keeping your teeth clean and gleaming. You feel and taste its refreshing, cleansing qualities. Your teeth display its power to preserve their natural brilliance. So brush your teeth morning and night with Colgate's. It costs less . . . it does more. Begin now to insure your smile with a tube of Colgate's.

MADE IN ENGLAND

TWO SIZES 6D. & 1/-

BRONCHITIS INFLUENZA

Breathe Vapo medicated air while you sleep. This is the simple time-tried Vapo-Cresolene method of treating Influenza, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh. Difficult breathing and soreness are more quickly relieved than when medicine is taken. A proved remedy of 53 years. Prevents the spread of infection. Of all Chemists.

Vapo-Cresolene

THE ANTISEPTIC VAPORANT.

Send for Booklet No. 6D, ALLEN & HANBURYS, Ltd. 37D, Lombard Street, LONDON, E.C.3.

FOR YOUR THROAT

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS THEM

8D & 1/3 Per Box

LUXURY COMFORT

AT A BARGAIN PRICE. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy, and give pleasure all the time.

GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE is the WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 68 x 88 ins. Weight 7½lbs pair.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt Size 72 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service:—4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, white all through. The Complete Sale (including the 16 Piece Cutlery Service), Ready for Immediate Delivery. Carriage Paid. Price £3

TERMS: 5/- with Order, and 5/- Monthly. Fullest Approval. Catalogue Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

MAN
What's the Matter with YOU?

Nerve and Vigour Gone?

DO you dare ask yourself why your health and strength are failing? Look at yourself in a mirror and ask what's wrong. Why are you not able to achieve success and get the joy out of life? Do you realise the danger you are in by neglecting yourself? Is it Nervousness? Weakness? Constipation? Rupture? Indigestion? Rheumatism? Are you flat-chested, round-shouldered, too thin or too stout? No matter what is wrong with you, I can help you to get rid of your weakness or ailment.

STRONGFORTISM

The World-Famous Individual Method Restores Men

STRONGFORT IT has lifted thousands of weak, ailing men out of despair and placed them on the Road to Health, Success and Happiness. Strongfortism has restored the Manhood they thought was lost for ever, and given them renewed vitality, ambition and power. It can do the same for you, irrespective of your age, occupation or surroundings. I GUARANTEE IT.

Send for Strongfort's interesting richly illustrated 64 page **FREE BOOK—**

"PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH & MENTAL ENERGY"

IT will tell you how Strongfortism can make you a vigorous specimen of vital manhood, and reveal to you secrets about the human body.

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Please send, without obligation, my free copy of **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength, and Mental Energy."** I enclose 3d. stamps for postage. I have put (X) before subject(s) about which I would like to have free special confidential advice.

.....Energy & Strength	.....Rheumatism
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.....Increased Height	.....Indigestion
.....Skin Disorders	.....Short Wind
.....Despondency	.....Thinness

Other Ailments .....

Name.....

Occupation..... *Age*.....

Street .....

Town..... *County*.....

Warded off INFLUENZA..

"LAST Saturday I had a temperature and all the symptoms of influenza. I ached all over On a friend's advice I decided to try your Musterole Brand Ointment. I applied the ointment before going to bed Saturday night and put on a second application Sunday. Monday morning the cold was completely broken up, and in a day or so was entirely gone."
—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

● ● ●

If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing... going... gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your favourite chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.

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MUSTARD OINTMENT
MADE IN ENGLAND
Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

My LIFE *hung by* TWO NAILS

A GREATEST HOUR

by

William LARKINS,

the famous Steeple-jack

FOR thirteen years my work has been among what insurance people classify as the dangerous trades. In that period of time, however steely a man's nerves may be, he is likely to have his manhood tested to the limit, and so certainly have a greatest hour.

You can't spend your working life climbing faulty steeples, throwing 800-ton chimney-stacks—things like that—without at some time or another coming suddenly face to face with death.

A man's memory of his greatest hour should, one would think, be something he can look back upon with pleasure. And to that I am no exception.

I must ask my readers' patience for a moment. You see, unless I make clear one or two things about my work, you would not be able to appreciate the story.

Now, when a job has to be done at the top of a high steeple, the first thing is to get up there.

Fixing a ladder or ladders up the almost perpendicular side of a steeple is fairly simple.

It is done by going up 15 ft. at a time, fixing the clamps, and to them the 15 ft. section of ladder—and so on to the weather-vane.

But you can't carry out repairs 300 ft. or so above the ground standing on a ladder. So, once up, you have to fix a platform so that you can walk right round the steeple top in comfort and security.

* * *

Now, these platforms are made, roughly, in the following manner: Battens are placed parallel on each of two sides and then clamped against the steeple by iron clamps.

The ends of these battens project, so that one may lay boards on them and nail them securely.

In 1926 my father and I had a call to go over to Jersey to make good damage done by earthquake to the steeple of St. Thomas's Cathedral.

We found that the job, being right at the top, called for only one platform, and we soon had our ladder up to the pinnacle. It was twilight when we finished placing the battens, all ready to plank them next morning to commence the actual work.

My father was standing on the top of the ladder. I was sitting on a batten. He shouted to me against the wind to ask if I had fixed the battens good and tight, and I shouted back that I had.

Now, at the very moment my father shouted to me I was busy driving in a nail, and before I worked my way round to his side I drove in another.

* * *

There was, then, a nail projecting from each of the battens on which, next morning, we were to lay our planking.

This may seem a minor point. But it is not. And for this reason: *there was no call to drive in those two nails.* They served no purpose. They would have to be taken out next morning when we laid our boards.

But I drove them in, and now, as then, I have no idea why I did so.

Having done it, I followed my father down the side of the steeple to the ground.

Next morning we started at an early hour. My first job was to lay my planks and nail them.

Can you imagine how the world looks to a man when he is doing a job like that? Far below, like ants, people move slowly, and the horizon forms a ring-a-ring of water in this instance. One is above the world, remote from it.

* * *

A high wind blew up the Channel, so that we had to shout. I worked my way out on a batten, sitting astride, with nothing between me and the ground below but my nerve. Taking the first plank from my father I laid it across the battens and made ready to nail.

Then, with the steeple-jack's sixth sense, I realised that something was wrong. A few feet from my face was the grey stone of the steeple.

But it was moving. . . .

It was moving up!

For a fraction of a split second I thought: "Earthquake!" Then I realised the truth.

Instead of remaining firmly clamped to the steeple, as it should have done, the whole rigid frame of wood and metal had canted under my weight.

Below me, 275 ft. down, was the solid ground, and towards it I began an agonising slide, for the batten upon which I straddled was no longer horizontal, but a steep inclination down which I moved towards the empty air.

My father saw what was happening, but was powerless to help.

Thought at such a moment is lightning swift. Automatically, as I felt myself slipping, I had grabbed the loose-plank.

It slid with me, but suddenly was brought up at both ends against the two nails I had driven in the previous evening.

I was saved.

Five minutes later I was standing beside my father, safe and sound. Being a man of few words, my father said little.

But I well knew what was in his mind. In steeple-jacking, as with flying, a lost nerve means the end of a career. And as the crashed flyer must immediately take to the air again and so recover his poise and self-assurance, so must a steeple-jack just saved from death venture once more, or find some safer job.

* * *

What my father felt about my escape I realised. But I knew there was another thought in his mind at that moment.

It was this: Had that awful moment broken my nerve?

A strong wind blew; the sun, in dazzling splendour, sent showers of diamonds sparkling over the waters of the Channel. I looked up and knew that life was good. I glanced down and knew the terror of death.

It was my supreme moment.

Either I fought off fear and conquered it or I surrendered to it—for ever.

Men who follow traditional callings possess a certain pride, and steeple-jacks are no exception to that rule. I had a tradition to live up to.

There was my father, a steeple-jack from his boyhood, and, before him, my steeple-jack, grandfather, who on three occasions, fell from heights and escaped death, only to be killed eventually by slipping a few feet from an ice-covered ladder on to his head. Neither knew the word Fear.

For how long my mental battle with Fear went on I don't know. Probably only a matter of seconds. Then I knew that I had won. Swinging round, I stepped on to a batten, released my hold and balanced myself against the wind. I looked out over the sea, up into the sky. . . . Then down.

* * *

Well did my father know the significance of what I did. He did not speak a word, but watched.

And when I returned and once more held the rungs of the ladder in my hands he still said nothing, but I knew what he felt.

That is why, looking over my life, I regard that as my greatest hour, for it was the hour when I lived up to a family tradition.

I had not let the Larkins down.

As to those two nails, what can I say? I am not a superstitious man. Well, then, was it merely a coincidence? It may have been, though, if so, surely a strange one. Personally, I am inclined to take another view, but about that I do not care to write.

In my office I have many elevations of buildings I have scaled, the paths of my ascents marked in red ink.

I like to look at them and recall work well done. But, strangely enough, I cannot take from my mantelpiece what should be my most treasured souvenirs, for I never kept the two nails that saved my life.

Maybe that is because steeple-jacks are matter-of-fact folk.

William Larkins looks down on his father, who, perched in dizzy space, gets on with the job of giving Big Ben a face massage

KOTALKO

TRUE HAIR-GROWER

Are you losing hair? Becoming BALD perhaps? Have you thin, dry or scanty hair, or dandruff?

Complete New Growth.

Nr. Nuneaton.

I had no hair on my head at all, not a single hair. At the General Hospital they said I should never have another hair as long as I lived. A hairdresser whom I consulted confirmed this.

Seeing how many had got new hair by using Kotalko Treatment, I bought Kotalko and Kotalko Soap and used them for a few minutes every day. **The new hair soon began to grow,** and now no one seeing me would credit I had been bald. The hairdresser and many others can confirm all I say. I now have a **complete new growth of hair in natural colour** after having been perfectly bald.

James Bindley.

Big Bald Patch.

Bedlington.

My husband's head was in a terrible state. One big bald patch on the top of his head was the size of a teacup, on which there was not a single hair.

We had spent pounds in trying to get this condition different and even our doctor had given up all hope.

We were recommended to send for Kotalko and it was the **best investment we have ever made.**

We are sending you a photograph showing the condition of my husband's head now, by which you will see that we have much to be thankful for and we **shall never fail to recommend Kotalko.**

W. Jobson.

Friends Astonished.

Nr. Alfriston.

I had lost all my hair. It began to fall out in patches, and within a very short time **I was completely bald.**

Seeing Kotalko advertised, I decided to try it, for although I had been using an ointment given to me by the doctor, no progress was evident.

The **action of Kotalko was marvellous,** for before many weeks had passed I was once more the possessor of a head of lovely, wavy hair.

All our friends are astonished with the **new growth.**

C. Bennett.

Do Not Despair, But Try Kotalko.

MANY who had given up hope after using numerous remedies without results are now happy in possessing fine heads of hair through the use of Kotalko.

The originals of all these letters and photographs are on file. They are but a few of the thousands of letters of recommendations and praise for Kotalko, the True Hair Grower, in which customers testify to the following benefits:

New hair on bald heads.
Scurf removed.
Falling hair stopped.
New hair on thin places.
Scalp supple and comfortable.
New life in the hair.
Lustrous glossy appearance.
Thicker and longer growth.
New growth on bald patches.
New growth where hair was lost through burns or X-ray treatment.

100,000 TEST BOXES.

Readers of this paper who are troubled by falling hair, dandruff, and baldness are invited to send for a test box at once. A distribution of 100,000 testing boxes is now being made. To obtain a box it is only necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

Send or Copy this COUPON.

Please send me, post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

J. H. BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy St. (53 VW), LONDON, W.1.

Happier Homes for every Worker

NO matter how hard the day has been, it's all forgotten as soon as you settle down in the comfort of your Berkeley Home Model.

Handsome, strong and durable—a FULL SIZE Easy Chair, just as suitable for a man as a woman, the Berkeley Home Model is absolutely without equal for combined quality, comfort and VALUE. Its amazingly low price is only possible because of huge output from our own factories and direct selling to the public. Carefully upholstered throughout, frame of best possible quality birch, long coppered-steel springs in seat and back and indestructible steel web, it will give years of pleasure and satisfaction.

Post coupon NOW for Catalogue of all Models and FREE Patterns from which to select your own Coverings.

PRICE **37/6** or 5/- with order and balance 5/- monthly (No reduction for Cash).

GUARANTEE. We deliver immediately on receipt of First Payment with order, and if the value of any Berkeley Model does not come up to your expectations you may return it within 7 days AT OUR EXPENSE and we will refund your money *in full.*

FREE DELIVERY in England & Wales.

LOOSE COVERS *from* **15/-**

THE **Berkeley HOME MODEL**

COUPON Please send me, POST FREE, your illustrated Catalogue of all Models, together with PATTERNS of—
1. Upholstery Coverings. 2. Loose Covers.
(*Cross out Patterns NOT required.*)

Name .....

Address .....

John Bull .....

FILL IN COUPON AND POST TODAY

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.
(Dept. J.B.),
70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

Showrooms: 133, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1; The Arcade, Croydon; The Parade, Watford; 149, Becontree Av., Chadwell Heath; 85, New St., Birmingham; *and* 27, Turner Street, Manchester.

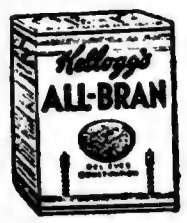
Eat this delicious healthful cereal

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not a medicine; it is a gentle laxative, safer and so much better than most purgatives and pills. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is 100% bran and forms a soft mass which cleans the entire intestinal tract.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is one of the most delicious breakfast foods in the world. Just eat two tablespoonfuls every morning with cold milk or cream. No cooking required.

Buy a packet today from your grocer and stop constipation from troubling you further.

FREE: "A New Way of Living," a complete booklet on constipation, also diets, recipes and menus. Illustrated in full colour. Send a postcard for your free copy.



Made in Canada

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

KELLOGG COMPANY of GREAT BRITAIN, Ltd.
Bush House, London, W.C. 2

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FREE CASH PRIZES

Seven hundred and sixty-four Prizes (£50 first, hundreds of other cash and consolation prizes) are offered by the proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE for the best last line to the Limerick appearing in the advt. on p. 25. Read the conditions carefully and send in your Entry for this Simple Competition NOW! Don't delay—you may forget!

Have You CHRONIC BRONCHITIS?

That dry, hacking, irritating, "off-and-on" cough, worst at night, indicates Chronic Bronchitis. RAZ-MAH will stop the cough. Clean Capsules. No sprays, smokes, snuff. No harmful drugs or bad reactions. **Guaranteed relief or money refunded on two 3/- boxes or one 5/- box.** Stocked by Boots, Timothy Whites, and all Chemists and Stores. **Free trial** from Gilmour Templeton Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.21), 60, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.—Advt.

INFLUENZA
IMPORTANT NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS and TEACHERS

The germs of influenza gain entry to the human body by way of the mouth or nose, and in no other way.

Having entered, they do not immediately infect the entire system, but remain in the warm moist passages of the throat, breeding and multiplying under ideal conditions.

If these passages can be thoroughly sterilised at frequent intervals, the risk of influenza is reduced to an infinitesimal fraction.

The only method known to science by which the throat can be thus properly dis-infected, is the regular use of Milton as a gargle, and for the nose.

Milton, harmless and non-poisonous, is eighty times stronger as a germicide than the old-fashioned disinfectants. But that alone is not the reason for Milton's peculiar effectiveness as a germicide for the throat. All the old-fashioned antiseptic fluids suffered from the grave defect—that they coagulated the albumen, or, in other words solidified the saliva and the nasal mucus in which the germs were hiding. They wrapped the germs in a protective coating!

Milton—ruthless as a germicide—is ruthless in its action on mucus and saliva. Milton **disintegrates** mucus—as you can easily prove to yourself, incidentally, by gargling a thick morning throat with Milton, and noticing the result.

There is no hope for any germ where Milton goes—no hiding-place, no possible escape. The throat and the nose where Milton has visited are surgically innocent of germs.

The adult or child therefore who is induced to gargle with half a glass of water to which has been added half a teaspoonful of Milton—and is induced to do so at least three times a day—is by all natural laws **practically immune from influenza**!

This is a serious statement made with a full sense of responsibility. But already many schools and business organisations are making the regular Milton gargle a part of their daily routine—with strikingly beneficial results.

It is a question for all employers and teachers at the present time, to decide whether they should not institute this at least rational and sensible precaution among all those under their control. Any medical man will heartily endorse the wisdom of such a rule.

Milton costs from sixpence for the smallest, up to half-a-crown for the largest and most economical bottle.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures Rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,
(482N), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(482N), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Please write (plainly) .....

For months Mr. Cox laboured to raise the sunken "Hindenburg" which you see here. And he had the courage to order "Sink her again" when Fortune decreed it

The Biggest Gambler I ever knew

by **Commander H. M. DANIEL**

THE sunken submarine *M2*, recently finally abandoned in her ocean grave at the bottom of West Bay, Portland, marks an important characteristic of a Government Department. It has to be cautious.

That is to say, it cannot really gamble in the only way that ever proves successful—with enterprise, courage and, in the end, maybe, recklessly.

All salvage is a hazard. After the first stakes have been lost, there is seldom much choice for public officials but to abandon an enterprise and admit failure.

The tremendous efforts made to raise the boat so nearly succeeded more than once that the final decision, not to be questioned from a cautious point of view, must have tantalised all those who toiled so arduously for ten months.

No doubt continued endeavour would raise her to the surface in course of time, but would the cost be justified? What if, after all, there transpired no further knowledge how the accident was caused?

Besides brave ships and gallant men, there are many secrets, tragedies and hopes buried beneath the waves.

* * *

The biggest gambler I ever knew plays his stakes neither on the tables at Monte Carlo nor on the Stock Exchange, but under the sea.

It is not so much the prodigious size of his stakes as the heavy odds which thrill him; also he can laugh in the face of a crisis that would drive smaller men to drink or suicide He took part in the attempted salvage of *M2*, but only as adviser. It was not for him to play the stakes.

In manner, appearance and methods he is an exception to the accepted type personified by Bret Harte in John Oakhurst, gambler, save in one respect. Like Oakhurst, Mr. Cox's favourite game seems to be when the stakes include his earthly all.

"Wouldn't you like my wife and daughter thrown in as well?" he demanded one day of the Admiralty, with an ironical laugh.

He was then not like Antonio, the sanguine Merchant of Venice, thinking to back a certainty; he was defying the apprehensions of all the experts.

Four years before he had purchased the German High Seas Fleet as it lay at the bottom of Scapa Flow, ships which probably cost £40,000,000 to build. Out of the steel, iron and copper which he expected to recover he would make a vast fortune.

Before he could play his first hand in this game of high stakes he had to "anty up" £40,000 in the purchase of plant. Every week he must stake £500 in wages. His resources were estimated to last him some months and ultimate success depended on a substantial win before the end of that time.

The first throw of all he lost through a policy of Safety First. He tried to economise by using chain cables already in his possession instead of buying new wire hawsers.

Quickly appreciating that Fortune only favours the bold on such a venture, he abandoned caution which had already cost him more than the price of a courageous purchase of proper gear and forthwith acquired the hawsers.

Then he had a run of beginner's luck, salving twenty-five torpedo-boats and acquiring sufficient money (as he thought) to move to more extravagant gaming-tables, where the stakes were higher and the prizes proportionately bigger.

The most tempting was the *Hindenburg*. Although experts did their best to discourage him, he thought his luck was in, and he felt confident that Fortune would still favour him as a bold man.

When I first paid him a visit, he had already lost £35,000 on this single ship. The total prize was worth £75,000 at current prices. He had just staked another £20,000 and was confident as usual of success. I stood by his side as the Grand Croupier of Destiny cried in effect, *Rien ne va plus*.

Pumps whose capacity ran to millions of gallons were bidden to win back the thousands of pounds invested in this and all their equipment.

* * *

Divers who for months had laboured under water to secure 800 patches which were to seal the hull and make it water-tight, stood spellbound to watch the struggle. When the ship rose and finally listed to an angle which imperilled human life, I was standing by his side and witnessed the way he accepted the biggest loss he had yet sustained.

"Stop everything," he cried; "sink her again."

And you might have thought he had sent back a leg of mutton for another few minutes in the oven.

He even smiled when he acknowledged to his daughter she had won a £10 bet by finishing a jumper which she had sworn to knit before he floated the German ship.

How serious a blow it really was can readily be seen by the fact that banks refused further aid. He must cry "Kamerad" and admit defeat unless somehow he could raise more money. It is a horrid way of testing friendship, and calculated to break the stoutest heart.

Finally, however, he did find a friend who could advance just sufficient for one more throw. Once more he breathed, and returned to his self-appointed casino in the Northern Isles.

After four years at Scapa Flow, he cried enough. At that moment he was slightly in; but after paying overheads, his total winnings made a modest enough pile, perhaps in the aggregate £10,000, although at times ten times that sum had been in jeopardy.

He has sworn to reform. He declared all salvage is a mug's game. Henceforth, like Government Departments, he has promised to be actuated by Safety First.

* * *

I wonder.

He had no fortune at stake in the salvage of *M2*, but at times I think he wished he had.

The exasperation of being an advisory spectator might have had its compensations. If his advice succeeded it would be easy to take credit; if it did not succeed it would have been equally easy to complain that the advice was improperly carried out.

That was not Mr. Cox's way. Never once did he do anything but praise the courage and tenacity of the naval divers and others on the scene of operations.

I am sure of this, however. Promise or no promise, his indomitable personality could never have accepted defeat had the salvage been his own enterprise. Obstinacy or courage, call it what you will, would have urged him on to glory or complete disaster.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

NORTHAMPTON CHRONICLE AND ECHO:—"If it suits you to do so, abandon waves on the top of your head, or have your CHAIR waved very lightly there."

BUXTON ADVERTISER:—"They finished milking, and loaded the milk into a CHURCH."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"Long after I had left her, the ominous words of warning echoed in my EYES."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"The reply was given in the ALTERNATIVE."

CARNOUSTIE GAZETTE:—"—— said that Oliveri had been very FRAGRANTLY guilty."

WIGAN EXAMINER:—"He also complained of PAINTS in his left arm, left leg and stomach."

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH:—"According to reliable sources in Moscow, M. Sokolnikov will be appointed chief of a special committee to investigate the currency situation with a view to stabilising the TROUBLE."

Build with your own hands—this better set—save pounds-success a certainty!

GET YOUR FREE COPY OF MOST SUCCESSFUL CHART EVER PUBLISHED enabling you to build MOST SUCCESSFUL SET EVER BUILT!

YOU ARE TOLD EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH EVERY SINGLE NUT AND SCREW

The ONLY Kit you can build yourself employing Metallised S.G., High Mu Detector and Economy Power Pentode Valves.

Lissen have published a 1/- Constructional Chart, giving the most detailed instructions ever printed for the building of a wireless set. You can't go wrong—you are told what to do with every part, every wire, every terminal—everything is identified by photographs. Everybody, without any technical knowledge or skill, can safely and with COMPLETE CERTAINTY undertake to build this most modern of radio receivers from the instructions given and the parts Lissen have supplied. This new Lissen SKYSCRAPER Kit set is the only one in the market that you can build yourself employing a Metallised Screened-grid Valve, High Mu Detector and Economy Power Pentode. Around these three valves Lissen have designed a home constructor's kit the equal of which there has never been before. Why be satisfied with whispering foreign stations when you can BUILD WITH YOUR OWN HANDS this LISSEN SKYSCRAPER that will bring in loudly and clearly distant stations in a profusion that will add largely to your enjoyment of radio?

COMPLETE IN CABINET WITH LOUDSPEAKER £6 15s. or 11/6 down, & twelve monthly payments of 10/6

KIT COMPLETE INCLUDING METALLISED S.G. HIGH MU DETECTOR & ECONOMY POWER PENTODE VALVES 89/6

NOW YOURS FOR ONLY 8/6 DOWN

To-day you can buy the LISSEN SKYSCRAPER KIT on Gradual Payment Terms: Skyscraper Chassis Kit, complete with Valves, CASH PRICE 89/6. Or 8/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 7/6.

Skyscraper Kit complete with Walnut Cabinet and in-built Loudspeaker, as illustrated, £6 5s. CASH; or 11/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 10/6.

COUPON

Insert this COUPON in unsealed envelope with only halfpenny stamp and address to:—
LISSEN, LIMITED, Dept. J.B.32, Worple Road Isleworth, Middlesex. Please send me FREE copy of your 1/- Skyscraper Chart.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

You can get the Lissen Skyscraper Chart FREE from any radio dealer, or by posting the COUPON on left direct to factory

ASK YOUR DEALER OR POST COUPON

LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" KIT 3

clear striking proof

The sales of Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes for the past twelve months show a substantial increase over the preceding twelve months. Here is definite proof that *"It's the Tobacco that Counts,"* and

Whether you prefer a plain or cork-tipped Cigarette—ask for the best

PLAYER'S

Quality will tell

HOW HOSPITALS CURE SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY, & BLADDER DISORDERS.

Alice Landles, qualified nurse, says, Drink 'Saltrates' water for permanent results.

This is the time when hospitals experience a rush of serious functional disorder cases. The system becomes loaded with accumulated carbonaceous waste and poisonous impurities, which clog the eliminative organs, so there is constant absorption of toxins into the blood. Then follow stomach, kidney, bladder, and skin troubles, headache, backache, biliousness, jaundiced liver, influenza, catarrh and rheumatism. Toxins and bacteria excite the heart, poison the nerves, deprive the body of disease-resisting vitality, and you have no energy; are 'nervy' and sleep badly. The real trouble is auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. Otherwise you could not have such symptoms. Try drinking occasionally a level teaspoonful of '*Alkia Saltrates*' in a half tumbler of water, and notice how quickly your mind clears, your eyes brighten, and your whole body becomes absolutely fit, as the system's great filters and blood refiners (the liver and kidneys) begin to work properly again. This pleasant-tasting and remarkably curative substance can be supplied at slight cost by any good chemist.—A. L.

THE NATURAL WAY TO STOP A COUGH

FREE SAMPLE FROM YOUR CHEMIST

It is extraordinary how quickly coughs, sore throat and other bronchial troubles are cured by such natural and homely ingredients as Pine, Squills, Ipecac, Balsam of Tolu and Pure Honey. No matter what else you have tried for your cough or sore throat, try these ingredients combined in pleasant 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup; it soothes instantly; it cures quickly; simply and solely because it is Nature's prescription scientifically prepared. Half a teaspoonful of this extremely effective remedy will clear congested breathing passages, break up hard phlegm and fill your throat, chest and lungs with warming, healing vapours. You can get a free sample of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup from any chemist; a 1s. 6d. bottle will stop the most stubborn cough.

CHILBLAINS Caused Dreadful ULCERS

Flesh Eaten To The Bone

Mrs. A. DIPPLE

"FOLLOWING an outbreak of chilblains," says Mrs. A. Dipple, of 3/46, Ledsam St., Birmingham, "ulcers formed on my feet, round the ankles and on the back of the legs right up to the calves. The shooting pains, inflammation and irritation were indescribable. The places discharged continuously and the flesh was eaten to the bone.

"For months at a time I was an absolute cripple. The ulcers ate down to the bone and for 13 years defied hospital and every other kind of treatment. Then Zam-Buk came to my rescue! This grand ointment alone was responsible for the soothing of all pain and itching, the drawing out of corruption and the complete growth of firm, healthy tissue and skin. My legs have kept perfectly sound and healthy since."

Zam-Buk cures because of the wonderful herbal oils which penetrate through the tissues and reach the seat of disease. Splendid for chapped hands, chilblains, piles, eczema, bad legs, cuts, burns, cold-on-the-chest, etc. 1/3 or 3/- box. All chemists.

ZAM-BUK BRAND

MIRACLE of the Pit Pennies

by

Emanuel SHINWELL

(late Secretary for Mines)

THERE used to be a superstition in some of the mining districts that if a miner washed his back it caused bodily weakness.

That was in the days when washing conveniences in miners' homes were scanty and before pit-head baths were as common as they now are.

The miner who returned from the pit in a filthy condition had to wash himself in a tub before the kitchen fire, where at the same time his clothes were hung up to dry. And as the housing accommodation was seldom satisfactory the atmospheric conditions obtaining while the washing and drying took place can be better imagined than described.

It is vastly different nowadays; the provision of baths in council houses enables the miner to withdraw from the family circle in order to perform his ablutions, while it entails less drudgery for his wife.

But the finest improvement of all in this regard is the chain of pit-head baths that has sprung up in the coalfields.

Formerly the miner came out of the pit perspiring after his long walk from the coal-face, his body black with dust, and—if the pit was a wet one—with his clothes wet through. Then he had to face a long walk to his home, taking his pit grime with him.

Now, in those pits where baths are provided, he enters a cubicle, undresses, and places his pit clothes in a drying chamber After washing, he takes from a locker the clothing left by him when commencing work that day.

£1,000,000 fund

Thus he is able to return home clean and tidy, much to the relief of members of his household, in whose nostrils the atmosphere of the bad old days still lingers.

The funds are provided out of what is known as the Mining Royalties Levy. One shilling is deducted out of every pound received by the mineral owners, and since 1926, when the fund was started, more than a million pounds have been raised.

This is supplemented by an annual grant from the Miners' Welfare Fund—the scheme initiated by Mr. Lloyd George in 1920—the most wonderful thing of its kind in the world.

It is the coal industry's great achievement and its romance. From a penny levy on each ton of coal that is sold more than £11,000,000 have come, bringing many social blessings to the mining community.

Nearly every mining village has its institute and recreation centre. In many cases sports grounds, playing fields and swimming pools are provided. Colliery bands have been formed and furnished with instruments, and grants have been made for the purchase of books where there is no free library.

The frequency of accidents among miners makes exacting calls on the accommodation of the voluntary hospitals and has led to the erection and endowment of institutions where the miner can be sure of receiving immediate treatment.

These miners' hospitals are among the finest in the country—an example of what might be done if only the voluntary hospitals were assured of a regular income.

But the splendid convalescent homes bought and endowed out of the Welfare Fund are the special pride of the miners.

One of them—Conisthorpe Priory—is one of the finest I have ever seen. Formerly a hydropathic, it is in the heart of the Lake District, and is equipped for every kind of treatment the miner recovering from a pit accident or illness may require.

There are similar homes at Blackpool, at Talygarn in South Wales, at Weston-super-Mare, and elsewhere. There the miner enjoys his brief fortnight of paradise before returning to his grim mining village and the bowels of the earth.

These institutions are jointly managed by committees of owners and men, who work in the utmost harmony in their management. I have heard a coal-owner, who is regarded by the miners as an enemy, indulge in rhapsodies about his favourite home, and he seldom misses an opportunity of paying it a visit.

The uses to which the Welfare Fund is put are legion. Nursing services, ambulances, surgical appliances, canteens, pit-head shelters, the supply of drinking water underground, and an extensive range of educational facilities, all come within its scope.

I doubt whether there is any section of the community who display greater zeal for higher education than the miners. There is a National Scholarship Scheme, financed out of the Welfare Fund, which aims at satisfying their needs, but it is powerless to meet more than a fraction of the claims made upon it.

Last year no fewer than 672 persons applied for scholarships, although liberal facilities are provided for technical education in mining practice at several mining schools.

Deserting the pit

Of the total number of applicants 170 were from working miners who wished to be sent from the pit to the University. Of these only thirty-two wanted to remain in the industry and qualify as mine managers, mining engineers, or inspectors of mines. The majority wished to become teachers, some research workers, while nine aimed at becoming ministers of religion.

Unfortunately the majority were disappointed; the funds are not ample enough to send all of them to our Universities. This is perhaps a pity,

Before they go home they leave their pit grime behind them—miners all ready to enjoy a pit-head bath

because there is remarkable talent to be found among them.

Some who have already been awarded scholarships have acquitted themselves with credit. Last year two obtained first-class honours—one in English at Oxford the other in Natural Philosophy at the University of St. Andrews.

As is natural, research into safety problems is closely associated with the activities of the Welfare Fund.

Noblest product

The painful frequency of mining explosions has led to intensive study of the problem, and a large sum has been devoted to the construction of an experimental station at Buxton, where the finest staff of safety experts in the world engages in constant studies and experiments in the search for more safety in mines.

But perhaps the finest contribution the Welfare Fund has made to the coal industry is the harmony and spirit of co-operation that prevails when welfare questions are under discussion.

I have seen the late Arthur Cook, who was the secretary of the Miners' Federation, making a bitter attack on a coal-owner, and then taking part in the opening of a welfare centre, where he had nothing but praise for the co-operation of the same owner in anything affecting welfare.

If the same spirit had existed when economic questions were reviewed we should have been spared many of the coal disputes of the past years.

I know that in some quarters there is a feeling that enough money has been raised to sustain the fund without imposing further levies on the industry. When I was at the Mines Department I asked a number of gentlemen to enquire into the matter and find out the facts, and their report has just been issued.

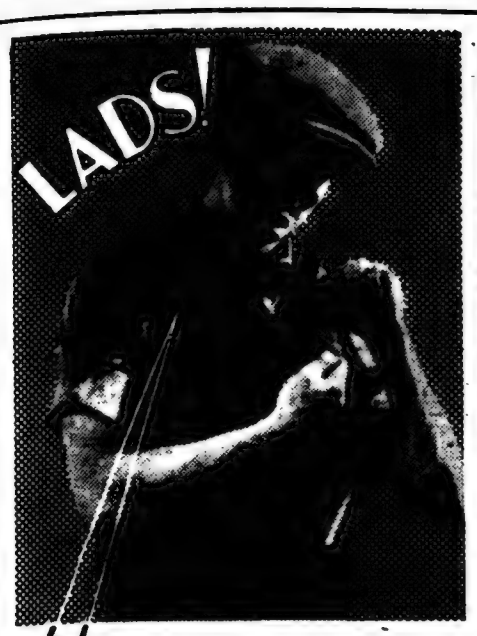
Whatever the Government may decide, of this I am certain: there is no one on either side who wishes to abandon the pursuit of welfare schemes for the mining community. Both owners and men have seen sufficient to convince them that the Miners' Welfare Fund is one of the noblest products of our coalfields.

A Short Story a Day

Beginning on Tuesday, February 7, the *Daily Herald* will publish daily a complete short story.

For a few minutes every day readers will be able to share the pleasure of the Masters of Fiction, live their adventures, be moved by their passions . . .

Every day a new story—every day a new writer. No lover of literature can afford to miss this new series which starts with a strange story of the working of destiny with a Grand Guignol thrill by Captain Reginald Berkeley, the famous playwright, called "The Barber."



IT'S A LYBRO OVERALL— all over!

The new Lybro "Easy-fit" Blue Button Overalls are really first-class Overalls, sold at a popular price. By buying Overalls and Work Shirt together you make a saving—see below.

BLUE BUTTON OVERALLS
THREE ROW STITCHING, Lybro Dungaree in Blue or Brown. Treble tacking. Easily washed. Six big pockets. **5/6**

BLUE BUTTON WORK SHIRTS
Comfortable Shirts with large roomy armholes. Heavyweight soft Khaki or Blue Drill with genuine "Lightning" Zip Fastener. Govt. dye; colour fast. Button front same price. **4/11**

BOTH GARMENTS for 9/11

Ask your outfitter about this Special Offer.

The NEW BLUE BUTTON TYPE **5/6**

BIB & BRACE OVERALLS, 5/6; JACKETS or TROUSERS, 5/6; BOILER SUITS, 8/11

EASY-FIT RED BUTTON—the Overall De Luxe—guaranteed unshrinkable, 6/11

If unable to obtain, write to Workwear Ltd., Mt. Vernon, Liverpool, for name of nearest supplier.

cvt.55

LYBRO EASY FIT WORK-TOGS

Cut for Comfort—Made for Wear.

THE EASY PRICE EASY-FIT

Backache

RHEUMATISM. LUMBAGO. SCIATICA. NEURITIS. BACKACHE. ALL ACHES & PAINS.

MADE IN ENGLAND

Comfort Tired Aching Back with Sloan's.

Comfort your tired, aching back with a few drops of Sloan's Liniment. It gives amazing results. Pain, stiffness, worry, all vanish.

The liniment penetrates without rubbing, warms and soothes nerves and tissues and drives out the pain. A few drops gently applied to the painful part works wonders. Get a bottle to-day. See for yourself how quickly it stops the pain.

Economical in use, a single bottle goes a long way.

2/- and 4/- of Chemists and Stores.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

USE A "STEAD" INSTEAD *the once-over Blade.*

Supplied in a handy Wallet enabling you to use each blade once per week for months and months.

You cannot buy better blades

STEAD Razor Blades

In Wallets of 7 blades for 6D

No. 1340

THIS IMPOSINGLY HANDSOME SOLID OAK 8-DAY CLOCK IS A WONDERFUL TIMEKEEPER AND A CHARMING PIECE OF FURNITURE AS WELL. Has a SOLID BRASS ADJUSTED MOVEMENT GUARANTEED FOR ACCURACY and with its RICH SILVERED DIAL and BOLD FIGURES it is fit to adorn any mantelpiece or sideboard. A MODEL CLOCK FOR THE MODERN HOME—one you will always treasure. (Height 15 inches).

IT WILL BE SENT YOU ON RECEIPT OF YOUR FIRST PAYMENT OF ONLY 1/-. You then pay the balance of 24/- by fortnightly instalments of 2/-. Its regular price is 35/- but we purposely offer on specially low easy payments to introduce our "Supreme" 1/- Weekly Clubs.

Now's your chance. Don't miss this golden opportunity.

REGULAR PRICE 35/- Our price only 25/-

CLUB AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

Everything for the home, the children and yourself, can be had through our Supreme 1/- Weekly Clubs. Thousands of Bargains. Why not form one, and earn big cash commissions for just a little of your spare time? Send a postcard to Dept. 66, for full details.

JUST FILL IN THE COUPON AND ENCLOSE 1/- POSTAL ORDER, AND WE WILL SEND THE CLOCK SECURELY PACKED AND CARRIAGE PAID.

POST COUPON NOW

PAY THE BALANCE IN TWELVE FORTNIGHTLY INSTALMENTS OF 2/-, MAKING 25/- IN ALL.

These credit terms do not apply to Ireland, Channel Islands, &c. Only full cash with order can be accepted.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON NOW

To THE GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES LTD., Dept. 66, Devonshire St., Ardwick, Manchester.

Please send me a Clock No. 1340 as advertised. I enclose Postal Order at Deposit and promise to send the balance (24) by fortnightly instalments.

FULL NAME .....

(Block capitals please)

ADDRESS .....

Postal orders should be made payable to us and crossed.

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears in next column.

THE NEVER-FAILING REMEDY

No cough or cold, however stubborn, can resist Galloway's Cough Syrup. In *every* case, this famous old London remedy means speedy and complete recovery.

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists & Stores. Price 1/3 or 2/6 per bottle or direct from P. H. Galloway Ltd., Qualified Chemists, London, S.E.17.

Stop those "throat noises" during talkies

'GO-suck a ZUBE'

Zubes ease a tickling throat and relieve huskiness or hoarseness. They stop tobacco smoke from irritating the throat and give you a nice glowing feeling inside.

ZUBES

2½D. PER OUNCE Loose (Except in I.F.S.)

Or in Artistic Tins 3D. and 6D.

GET WELL QUICKLY AFTER 'FLU.

Even doctors cannot tell us any certain way to prevent influenza. But they all agree that the period of convalescence after 'flu is one of the most dangerous you can have. That is the time when a slight relapse may bring serious illness.

So more and more they are putting convalescent patients on to Wincarnis.

Wincarnis is the ideal tonic for convalescents, because its aroma and bouquet tickle even an invalid's appetite. And while it supplies an invaluable stimulant, it actually builds up new reserves of strength. It is simply the purest of fine wine, with all the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes to every bottle, reinforced with the purest beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. It stimulates digestion, soothes irritable nerves and creates rich new blood.

Try Wincarnis to-day. It is backed by more than 20,000 recommendations from medical men who have proved its value for convalescence, for neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, and all run-down conditions.

MAN OF 60 CURES GASTRIC ULCERS

Was 6 st. 8—Now "In the Pink"

Think what it means to a man of 60, who came out of hospital weighing only 6 st. 8 lbs., with gastric ulcers "they could not get at them with the knife" – to have cured his trouble, to have regained his normal weight and to be able to eat anything.

And Mr. C. S.....of Cardiff, is only typical of thousands of men and women who have ended years of pain and suffering with this wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the formula they are using in all the leading hospitals. This is what he writes:

"I take pleasure to let you know that after a long while I am quite all right again. I have followed your treatment and taken your valuable Powder four times a day. I am once more in the Pink. I was six stone eight lbs. when I came out of hospital where the doctor told me he could not get at them with the knife. I am now near my normal weight. I am 60, and feel a new man. I have always felt fit since taking your powder."

You should try this Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. Every doctor knows its formula and will tell you how good it is, what remarkable cures it has effected in his own practice and in all the leading hospitals.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

THE BIG TWO **RACING**

BET WITH THE "BIG TWO"

Secure Long Odds now for the **LINCOLN** & **NATIONAL**

Send for Big Odds Price List. Every Horse Quoted.

LETTER COMMISSIONS accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules.

THE BIG TWO **FOOTBALL**

ALL BETS ARE SAFE WITH THE "BIG TWO"

All matches in the six Divisions of the English and Scottish Leagues.

THE "BIG TWO" **'CHALLENGER' FOOTBALL LISTS**

FIXED PRICE LISTS giving wide scope for selection.

14 LISTS TO CHOOSE FROM

6-LEAGUE-5-LEAGUE-4-LEAGUE

THE BIG TWO NOTHING BARRED NOTHING STARRED

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.,
227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

Our Proudest Day

by LETTER PARLIAMENT Contributors

HAVING been told by my headmaster at school that I should never be able to learn Greek and be ordained in the Church, my proudest day was when, after passing my examinations (including Greek) at the age of twenty-four, I was ordained in Truro Cathedral and was the gospeller at that service.

Four months before I nearly died of typhoid fever, but recovered in time for the Advent ordination.

That was my proudest day.—*C. L. S. C., Launceston.*

The First Rung

A letter came addressed to me, and I found instructions to report at a local office for an interview.

I presented myself as smartly dressed as possible, hair brushed and boots blacked, and was ushered into the manager's office. After a few minutes I emerged smiling and triumphant, with orders to report the next morning.

I could not get home fast enough. I can see mother's face now, as I burst out with the joyful news.

Undoubtedly my proudest day was that on which I obtained my first job.—*Office Boy, Grimsby.*

Granny's Joy

What a day when all my grandchildren gathered at my home to celebrate my seventieth birthday!

As I scanned those eager, intelligent faces and listened to their plans and hopes for the future I felt that I had not lived in vain.

I thanked God for having given me health and strength to rear my children, so that they in their turn might also have children, and thus contribute their share to their country's greatness.—*M. D. M., Mumbles.*

High Honour

One Sunday afternoon in a city Sunday-school the superintendent walked up to me and said: "Would you like to take this class? Their teacher has left." On my consenting he introduced me to eight little girls.

I never felt more proud than on that day when I sat, for the first time, at the head of a row of happy, eager juniors.

I had been considered worthy to have some small part in influencing their lives for good.—*M. H., Manchester.*

Self Last

"SIR,—I should like to pay tribute to this young man on behalf of the colliery company for his gallantry. He seems to have had no thought but for the safety of others."

This tribute was endorsed by the chairman and on behalf of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain.

I was the man, and I was proud—proud because I did my best to aid my stricken comrades in that tragic pit.—*W. J. P., Wigan.*

"Nurse!" And they are all proud to respond to the summons . . .

Answered Call

I was in my uniform, ready for the call to duty. Then followed the quickest, busiest day I had ever experienced.

How proud I was, strutting about the ward, feeling more important than anyone in the hospital! I was ever so proud, too, when Sister talked to me professionally, and prouder still if a patient called "Nurse"—in need of me.

The day's work was over too soon. "Lights out." "Good night, nurse," and sleep, after thinking over the events of my first day as probationer nurse—the proudest day of my life.—*"Nursie," Cumberland.*

Rewarded Service

My employer, a first-class confectioner (who I had faithfully served for twenty years), invited me to become his partner.

During the partnership, which has now lasted twenty-three years, I have experienced several proud events—the day I was married, the day my daughter was born—but I unhesitatingly state that the day I was asked in partnership was my proudest day of all.—*W. D., Cheshire.*

Two Tugs

I was leaving the village school to be married. Speeches and presentation had been made, and I was approaching the railway station, which seemed the barrier between the old life and the new.

While wondering if I had made a success of the old life, I was surrounded by youngsters. Little arms clasped my legs and waist; little voices whispered, "Don't leave us, teacher"; "If you don't like being married, please come back to us, teacher."

I was proud then, as I felt I was needed by someone in both the old life and the new.—*W. M. C., Stockton.*

Postman's Prize

What a thrill when I received my Imperial Service Medal from the King, and also a certificate signed by the Postmaster-General which read:

"On the occasion of your retirement from the Post Office, I desire to express to you my appreciation of the faithful service you have rendered to the State during a period of forty-six years."

Both these presentations I prize greatly.—*Ex-Postman, Bucks.*

Told to Millions

The preacher told us on the wireless of a girl he knew who wanted to be a missionary, but whose health and education were not of the required standard. She lost her grief in caring for a crippled widow.

None of those around the loudspeaker knew, but as the hostess said, "I like that illustration," my heart took on an extra flutter.

They will never know, but I am glad to think that my lowly labour of love was worthy of mention to millions.—*"Radio Maid," Notts.*

Treasured

It seems long ago since I received my first pay of two golden sovereigns. I was the eldest of a large family, and suddenly I had not only become a "professional man," but a helping hand at a time of need.

The reception I had was royal, and I shall never forget the pride with which I laid my two first-earned golden coins on the table, or the tears of happiness which my mother shed as she picked them up.

That expression of pride and thankfulness is a treasured memory.—*"Reminiscence," Bridgend.*

Not Forgotten

I'm an old actor. Some years ago I was leading man of a provincial company. After three years without a rest I had a nervous breakdown, and was away a year.

The public hadn't forgotten. On the night of my reappearance there was wave after wave of cheers. Then, at the "curtain," they sang "Auld Lang Syne" and "Jolly Good Fellow," and shouted "Speech."

I stood with tears in my eyes and said: "I can't speak, my friends, my heart's too full. This is the proudest day of my life. Thank you."—*C. Cuming, South Shields.*

* * *

I was invited to the opening of the Menin Gate, and saw my son's name on that wonderful memorial. I returned home sad, but proud.—*M. W., London.*

When I overheard my son remark when being chaffed about sweethearts and marriage, "I'll start thinking about it when I find a girl like my mother."—*"Swank," Aberporth.*

"You are helping my son in a way that even I, his mother, could not." These words of praise from my mother-in-law gave me the proudest day I can remember.—*D. T., Lapworth.*

When the nurse announced I had given birth to a son and heir.—*E. M., Hinckley.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, February 7.

My Favourite Book—and Why.

EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS

Selections for February 4

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) LEEDS v. W. B. Albion.
(2) EVERTON v. Arsenal.
(3) Wolves v. HUDDERSFIELD.
(4) VILLA v. Portsmouth.
*(5) BLACKBURN v. Birmingham.
(6) BLACKPOOL v. Manchester C.
(7) Bolton v. Liverpool.
(8) DERBY v. Sunderland.
*(9) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Leicester.
**(10) NEWCASTLE v. Chelsea.
(11) SHEFFIELD UNITED v. Wednesday.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) HOTSPUR v. Grimsby.
**(2) BRADFORD C. v. Notts C.
(3) WEST HAM v. Southampton.
(4) CHARLTON v. Burnley.
(5) CHESTERFIELD v. Port Vale.
(6) FULHAM v. Millwall.
(7) Lincoln v. BURY.
(8) MANCHESTER U. v. Oldham.
(9) Forest v. Bradford.
*(10) PLYMOUTH v. Swansea.
**(11) STOKE v. Preston.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

*(1) READING v. Bristol R.
(2) Watford v. Q. P. Rangers.
**(3) BRENTFORD v. Newport.
*(4) BRISTOL C. v. Swindon.
(5) Cardiff v. Aldershot.
(6) COVENTRY v. Boscombe.
(7) C. Palace v. EXETER.
(8) GILLINGHAM v. Southend.
**(9) NORTHAMPTON v. Orient.
(10) NORWICH v. Brighton.
(11) Torquay v. Luton.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) CHESTER v. Wrexham.
(2) HULL v. Doncaster.
(3) YORK v. Rotherham.
(4) BARNSLEY v. Darlington.
**(5) BARROW v. New Brighton.
(6) Carlisle v. ACCRINGTON.
(7) CREWE v. Mansfield.
(8) Halifax v. GATESHEAD.
(9) Hartlepools v. Stockport.
(10) ROCHDALE v. Southport.
(11) TRANMERE v. Walsall.

SCOTTISH CUP—Round II.

**(1) MOTHERWELL v. Montrose.
(2) RANGERS v. Queen's Park.
**(3) HEARTS v. Airdrie.
(4) Dundee U. v. ST. JOHNSTONE.
(5) ST. MIRREN v. Kilmarnock.
(6) Leith v. CLYDE.
**(7) CELTIC v. Falkirk.
(8) DUMBARTON v. Albion.
(9) Stenhousemuir v. THIRD LANARK.
(10) Ayr v. PARTICK.
(11) ABERDEEN v. Hibs.
*(12) DUNDEE v. Stranraer or Bo'ness.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I. 10 (*H*); Div. II.—11 (*H*); Southern Section—9 (*H*); Scottish Cup—3 (*H*) would indicate Newcastle, Stoke, Northampton and Hearts.

Our Football Expert has scored again! In his special selections for January 21 he forecast correctly all six results.

FAT
Is Going Fast
Why Not Yours?

No need to tell you fat is going fast. Think back ten years ago. Most folks above 40 were over-fat. Now slender figures are everywhere the vogue.

It is clear that some new factor is fighting obesity. Not starvation, not over-exercise, not harmful drugs. It is something which doctors everywhere employ. Science has found that a great cause of obesity lies in a weakened gland, and they are feeding that gland to correct the condition.

Marmola prescription tablets are based on a new idea. A world-famous medical laboratory prepares them to fit the average case.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others and the fame has spread. Now it holds top place in a field once dominated by harmful treatments. In every circle there are people who can tell you what they do.

Marmola is not secret. The booklet contains the formula and explains results.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Co. (Dept. 83.L), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Send this coupon or write for our latest book, a two-day sample free, and our guarantee.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA COMPANY (Dept 83 L), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.
Please forward two-day sample of Marmola, Booklet and Guarantee Form—FREE.
Name _____
Address _____

Gulliver travels with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish No. 1

Gulliver is made prisoner.

"Especially were they attracted by the polish on my shoes. Apparently they had never seen anything quite so bright as Cherry Blossom Boot Polish."

After being cast up by the sea Gulliver fell asleep. He awoke to find himself surrounded by the inhabitants of Lilliput, little people about 6 inches high who had bound him with minute threads while he slept.

Cherry Blossom
BOOT POLISH

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan and Tonette. In Tins with easy opener, 2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME for 12/6

We deliver Carriage Paid to your home, a superb British Pianoforte, built of first grade materials and assembled by highly skilled technicians, immediately upon receipt of **12/6**. (No Deposit Required) purchase completed at 12/6 Monthly.

THE CRANE PIANO possesses a tone of purity and rich resonance, delicate responsive touch, and all up-to-date improvements. All metal frame, check action, full trichord, etc., are incorporated and it can be supplied in Rosewood, Walnut or Ebonised case.

GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS

Old Pianos accepted in part payment; full value allowed.

Write for Catalogue No. 240 of Crane Pianos, Organs, Player Pianos, etc.

Crane & Sons LTD.
149, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1
Head Office Hanover St., LIVERPOOL

DON'T FEAR THE 'FLU EPIDEMIC
'ASPRO' AND A HOT LEMON DRINK WILL SMASH UP AN ATTACK IN ONE NIGHT

The newspapers are filled with 'flu warnings—there is undoubtedly an epidemic. Our message to you is "Don't worry—don't fear." Buy 'ASPRO' and you can smash up the attack at its inception. If you have got the 'flu two or three 'ASPRO' tablets every three or four hours will quickly banish it. What's more, 'ASPRO' soothes away the pain immediately—stops the sniffling and sneezing—the groggy "weak at the knees" feeling caused by the feverish condition. The present 'flu epidemic has three features (1) sore throat (2) a feverish cold and (3) rheumatic pains. 'ASPRO' definitely deals with these three conditions, for 'ASPRO' used as a gargle will banish the sore throat. Two tablets and a hot lemon drink will smash up the 'flu attack. The 'ASPRO' tablets themselves will deal with the rheumatism. The reason is that, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is not only a germicide or germ destroyer, it is also an anti-pyretic or fever reducer. Furthermore, it is a solvent of Uric Acid which is generally considered to be the common cause of rheumatism. 'ASPRO' acts quickly—it does not harm the heart or stomach—it is the ideal medicine to use to banish 'flu. Then you have the assurance of thousands and thousands of people all over the world who use 'ASPRO' to beat the 'flu. Keep 'ASPRO' in the house and you keep 'flu out. You protect all members of your household.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

SO BUY 'ASPRO' AND STOP THIS 'FLU

QUICK ACTION AND SAFETY

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents:
GOLLIN & CO. PTY., LTD.
('Aspro' Dept.)
SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Phone: SLOUGH 668.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO, Ltd., Slough, England.

PRICES TO SUIT ALL
3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

'FLU ATTACK WARDED OFF. RECOMMENDS FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

Bolton, Lancs.
Dear Sirs,
Just a few words in praise of 'ASPRO.' I have found them more beneficial than any other remedy for influenza as my business takes me out of doors every day. I always keep these tablets handy. At the present time have just warded off an attack of the 'flu with only four tablets.
I take them also for sleeplessness and am continually recommending them to others.
Yours, J.P.

MOTHER & SON BANISH COLDS WITH 'ASPRO'

72, Stockport Road,
Bredbury, Cheshire.
Dear Sir,
I am writing to let you know of my experience with 'ASPRO.' My son and myself have taken them for quite a long time and found them wonderful. As soon as we feel a chill we fly to 'ASPRO' and feel quite sure of relief. We have thrown many a serious cold off by taking your tablets. We feel so sure about it that I must write you a line.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. DITCHFIELD.

P.S.—In the place where I am at business I tell many of my friends the same.

'ASPRO' IS A SAFE & EFFECTIVE GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT & TONSILITIS

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make a very excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE ... AND GIANT 2-IN-1 FIRST BALLOON

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £3,250

PENSION & FORTUNE

£200 DOUBLED PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP

£200 DOUBLED BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM FOUR SIXPENNY ENTRIES ARE RECEIVED IN SAME ENVELOPE

JOHN BULL'S RECORD 200th X-WORD PRIZE

CLOSING NOON THURS. FEB. 16

TO celebrate JOHN BULL'S 200th Cross-word Contest, we shatter all records to-day with an offer of £5 a week for life and £1,000 cash!

Four of our winners are already receiving a big pension cheque every Saturday—solve the entertaining puzzle below and you may soon have £1,000 in your bank account and become the fifth Cross-word Pensioner.

For this sensational contest, with its award for Runners-up increased to £400 as announced, you can make as many entries as you wish, extra forms being available on application as instructed below. *But make sure that your squares are in by noon Thursday, February 16!*

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, February 16th, 1933.

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 2nd, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, March 21st, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £200 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £3,250 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

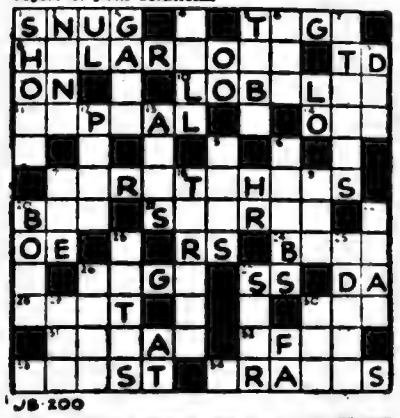
ENTRY FEE

With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d. With 4 squares send P.O. for one shilling. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

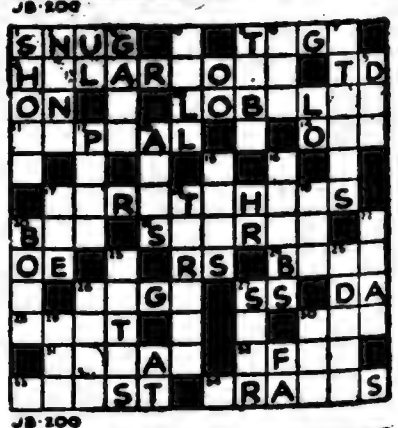
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW. These miniature reproductions of this Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.


JB·200

JB·200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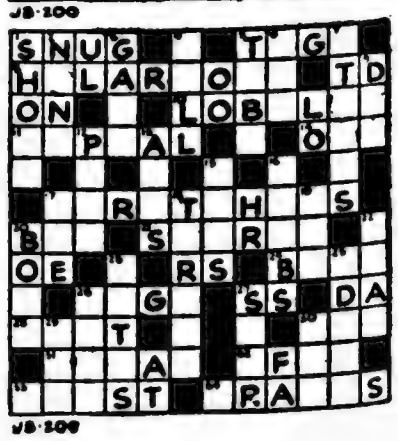
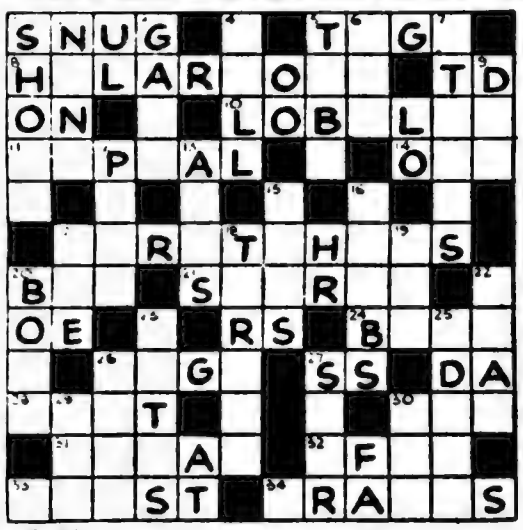
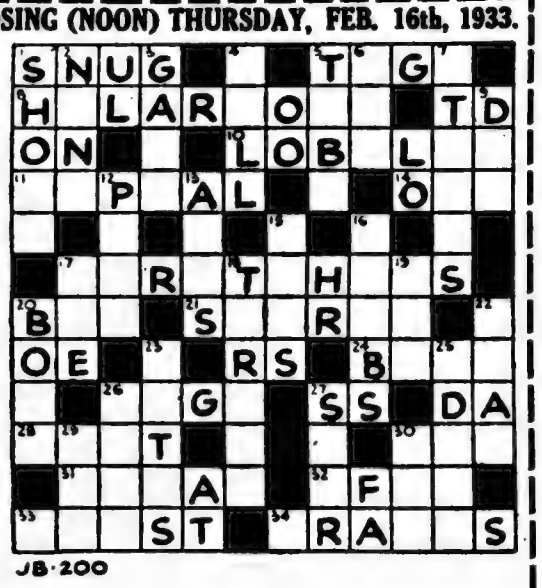

JB·200

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 200—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 16th, 1933.


JB·200


JB·200

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

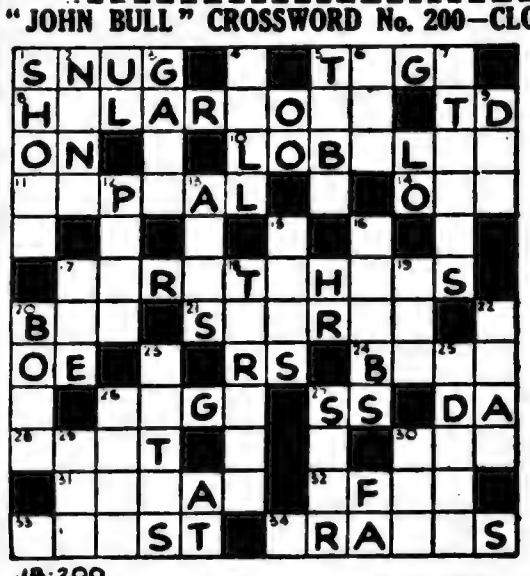
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 200—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 16th, 1933.


JB·200

JB·200

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post as early as possible.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD, No. 200, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE Two further entry forms will appear in next week's "John Bull." For Extra Squares send PENNY postcard to "John Bull" Crossword Dept., 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny entry forms required.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Comfortable.
5. Sharp pulls.
8. Describes merry party.
10. Bordering plant with blue flower.
11. Revoke.
14. Aged.
17. Injured are carried on these.
20. Short for omnibus.
21. Well-known Spanish wine.
24. Ferocious Polar animal.
26. It's made into puddings.
28. Blemish.
30. Becomes youth.
31. Notions.
32. A long way off.
33. Pastrycook can supply.
34. What dull speaker does.

CLUES DOWN

1. Describes sheep's coat, when shearer's finished.
2. Time most shops open.
3. Big one tests the football stands.
4. What good salesman fills.
5. Used for conveying liquids.
6. Employ.
7. Too many drops from these are dangerous.
9. Father.
12. Champion dog gets many.
13. Tragedy often does this.
15. How cool they keep!
16. People sometimes trip up over irregular ones.
17. Go to court for payment.
18. Bad headache causes.
19. Cereal used for whisky.
20. Expresses opinion forcibly.
22. Gloomy in colour.
23. Stately homes have heavy ones.
25. Love devotedly.
26. Makes water soft.
27. Often shows he's an old soldier.
29. This has a crust.
30. Used for cricket.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

"John Bull" will pay £5 a week for Life and £1,000 (or one lump sum of £3,250 cash) for a correct solution on one square of this puzzle. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is nearest the correct solution. A doubled prize of £200 for Runners-up will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra £200 Doubled Bonus will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received four sixpenny entries in same envelope. Solution and winners of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 2nd, 1933.

JB·198

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 198

Winners in 197 on page 16. Result of 198 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 198 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

If entering two or more Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

Matilda K. (Leyton-stone).—"Our sewing circle has a membership of twenty." Twenty scandal-power?

THE EDITOR Laughs Last

D. P. (Bolton).—"What does persistent song-plugging lead to?" Widespread ear-plugging, of course.

D. F. (Jedburgh).—"You can read between the lines." It takes us all our time to read the lines.

COCKNEY (Blackfriars). — "What is worse than the average London fog?" The fog that is worse than average.

B. L. (Clydebank).—"I am now earning my living less by my hands and more by my brain." You poor creature!

W. R. (Dover).—"There's no need to make a song about one's worries." No, but there's such a thing as facing the music.

H. K. (Rochester).—"My wife tells me that I often say Grace in my sleep." Rather awkward for you if your wife's name isn't Grace.

T. F. (Ramsgate).—"I see that the occupants of San Quentin prison in California publish their own newspaper." Yes, and all the readers are registered.

MRS. A. M. (Southampton).—"My husband didn't say anything when I made the cakes with soap-powder in mistake for baking-powder." We expect that he just foamed at the mouth.

S. A. (Swansea).—"A child has just been born with eleven grand-, great- and great-great-grandparents still alive." The world's sympathies will go out to the parents.

MISS K. (Exeter).—"My doctor says the quantity of sulphur in the human body varies remarkably." Now we know why some girls make better matches than others.

MISS P. (Woburn).—"His offer of marriage came so suddenly, it made me jump." At it?

MRS. D. (Berwick).—"Who can tell me when home-made candy is ready for eating?" Small boys.

PEDESTRIAN (Hounslow).—"Why is it that keen motorists when they walk are never knocked down by other motorists?" No doubt they know all the moves.

T. W. (Spalding).—"How can any young man avoid being bored nowadays?" Suddenly remembering an appointment is one good way.

MRS. D. (Portsmouth).—"He told me how terribly upset he felt about his wretched game of billiards." Doubtless the cloth was very cut up about it, too.

F. N. (Exeter).—"The enclosed article seems doomed not to find an opening." Now we come to think of it, we did miss the w.p.b. the first time we threw it.

L. G. (Perth).—"A mean father does not keep his sons for long." Provided he is mean enough to tell them to keep themselves.

A. D. (Ealing).—"A well-known politician confesses that he often writes his speeches in bed on Sunday mornings." Lots of people lie in bed on Sunday mornings.

S. F. (Bloomsbury).—"A golf club has been invented that whistles when a correct stroke is made." Most golfers might just as well go on using the ordinary sort.

F. M. (South London).—"Girls at a London school are to be taught darning." This is a subject with which their mothers will be quite unable to help if it is to be done as homework.

S. H. (Hull).—"On a German lecture-hall notice persons are forbidden to interrupt in twelve different languages." But anyone who could interrupt in twelve languages would be worth hearing.

M. J. (Sheffield).—"According to a news report, an American gave his fiancée such hard toffee that she broke three of her front teeth." We understand she intends to get her own back when she starts cooking for him.

R. L. (Oundle).—"A poet has listed what he considers the ten most beautiful words." We'll bet he included "payday."

G. W. (Mayfair). — "Many people could not exist without the society of their cocktail - party friends." It's meet and drink to them.

H. L. (Lee). — "Those who take up singing should not start too early." Nor, we should like to add, should they continue too late.

W. B. (Broadstairs).—"She is a decided blonde." When did she make the decision?

G. N. (Richmond).—"Many anglers knit while waiting for a bite." And embroider afterwards.

B. N (Cumberland). — "After writing this I have to walk six miles to post it." That's nothing—we've got to read it.

MRS. B. (Leeds).—"The modern girl does not seem to know where she is heading." But she seems to be enjoying the trip.

T. R (Hull).—"I held my audience right up to the end of the lecture." And then did you let him go?

A. W. (Brighton).—"I thought twice about writing you this letter." This was one of those rare occasions when second thoughts were not best.

S. N. (Ramsgate).—"A golf professional drove a ball from a girl's chin." This is one of the occasions on which there would be no feminine chin-wagging at tee-time.

E. A. (Woking).—"What are the qualifications of real statesmen?" Real statesmen are men who can solve the grave problems that would not exist if there were no statesmen.

F. M. (York).—"Believe me, I try my best." Friends?

T. N. (Barmouth).—"I always keep a copy of the letters I send you." Don't trouble to do that—keep the originals.

D. W. (Leeds).—"She came towards me with arms outstretched." Did she want you to wind some wool?

D. M. (Diss).—"A cold always leaves me weak." You must have had a bad one in your head as a child.

T. M. (Bristol).—"The joke I enclosed was invented by me." You write well for a centenarian.

G. F. (Baldock).—"My wife saw me only twice before she married me." Then she has only herself to blame.

G. M. (Wivenhoe).—"I keep over two thousand head of poultry." Surely that quantity should keep you?

S. R. (Ripon).—"The politicians of to-day are just as clever as those before the war." That's the trouble.

MRS. L. (St. Albans).—"Can you tell me any man who never listened to a bit of gossip about his neighbours?" Robinson Crusoe.

F. G. (Keighley).—"Men are more interested in economics than women." Now, just in what way do you wish us to read that?

B. L. (Bolton).—"The present 'flu epidemic is affecting the victims' taste." We can see it in some of the scarves they wear.

MAYSIE (Hornsey).—"He has only known me a week and he says he loves me." Only a week! Then perhaps he does.

M. W. (Belgravia).—"Our cook has had a fortnight in bed with the 'flu." Yes, and now she's able to sit up and give notice?

W. K. (Dover).—"A man who commits bigamy deserves to get a stick across his shoulders." He's fortunate if he doesn't get two.

T. S. A. (Colchester).—"All my wife can talk about is money, money, money." Here's your remedy. Win one of the 20 Radio Sets offered on page 39, give her the cheque which accompanies it, and listen to a pleasanter sort of loud-speaker.

TOM (Kenton).—"My wife did not consent to marry me the first time I proposed." Then you've only yourself to blame.

ESSAYIST (Bloomsbury).—"The secret of happiness is to accept the inevitable." Therefore, stop telling the wife that business is bad and buy her that new fur coat.

GEORGE (Grimsby).—"To avoid a car on a narrow road I entered a field and was tossed in the air by a bull." It was a toss-up whether you went in the field or not.

F. N. (York).—"I think your editor must be a fine, straightforward, hard-working man with a heart of gold." Sorry, it didn't work. We are sending your MSS. back.

AUTHOR (Chelsea).—"In order to be a successful writer, a man must first be willing to write for the wastepaper basket." He doesn't have to do that nowadays—he can write for the talkies.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

SKIN RUINED By Wrong Kind Of Face Powder

You cannot be too careful in your choice of a face powder. Many powders absorb the natural moisture of your skin and cause it to become dry, rough and scaly. This is a frequent cause of premature lines and wrinkles.

After years of research, leading French Chemists discovered a marvellous new face powder ingredient called Mousse of Cream, which actually softens and beautifies the skin. Mousse of Cream is now blended by a secret process in Poudre Tokalon. That is why Poudre Tokalon does not dry up the most delicate skin.

And the Mousse of Cream in this fragrant silk-sifted powder ensures a marvellous complexion all day long. It makes the powder cling to the skin even in spite of wind and rain. Even several hours dancing in a hot ballroom cannot impair the fresh, clear new skin-beauty given by Poudre Tokalon.

Get a 1/- box of Poudre Tokalon, *the Safe Powder*, To-day.

FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing popular shades of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder so that she may test them on her own face. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 222 B), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

HOW INDIGESTION BEGINS.

If it were possible for you to investigate every case of indigestion you would find that nine out of ten are definitely traceable to stomach acidity. The excess acid makes food ferment and form painful gases; it also attacks the stomach lining. To get relief you must counteract the acidity, and for this purpose many doctors prescribe 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Half a teaspoonful (or 2—4 tablets) taken in water after meals or when pain is felt, not only instantly neutralises the excess acid which causes the trouble, but also soothes and heals the inflamed stomach lining and restores good digestion. Every chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia in powder (mint flavour or plain) and tablet form at 1s. 3d. a package. There is no quicker or surer remedy for relieving stomach troubles.

A Full-size Easy Chair for 5/- down!

Don't overlook the Berkeley Chair offer on page 29. The Home Model, illustrated, can be obtained for 5/- down and monthly payments of 5/- Fill in the Coupon for free illustrated Catalogue, patterns, etc.

"keeping the HOME FIRES burning"—

"IF it had not been for JOHN BULL we should have lost all hope—JOHN BULL has kept the home fires burning."

The experience of our registered reader whose letter we reproduce here will find an echo in the hearts of tens of thousands of other readers who have received a timely cheque from JOHN BULL, paid under our Great Free Family Insurance.

Picture to yourself homes gutted by fire or inundated by floods. Think of the breadwinner stricken with illness. Then imagine the relief of being able to apply to JOHN BULL for a cheque to repair the damage, to hasten convalescence, "to keep the home fires burning," as our reader so happily expressed it.

Thanks to "JOHN BULL."

"Your cheque was gratefully received. If it had not been for *John Bull* we would have lost all hope. In the true sense of the word the money has 'kept the home fires burning.' One is always thankful for advice, but material help such as you have given makes one hold their head up ready for a new start. *John Bull* is one of the best friends anyone can have."

If "home" means all that is dearest and best to you, safeguard it through the protection which JOHN BULL offers you free. Sign the Registration Forms now if you have not already done so

"JOHN BULL"—*The ONLY paper to provide*

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD *and* SICKNESS *benefits.*

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 4/2/33

CUT HERE

***Post* this Coupon to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

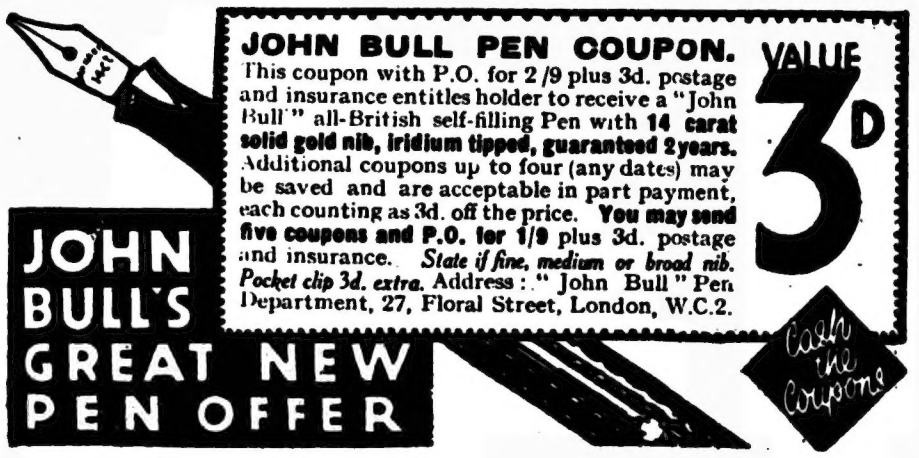
Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 4/2/33


JOHN BULL'S
GREAT NEW
PEN OFFER
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D
Cash the Coupons

Has *your* wife got— *That* WINNING SMILE?

SOME wives are wise—and Mrs. A. Knight, whose happy little home is at 10, Admiralty Terrace, Upnor, Rochester, is one of them.

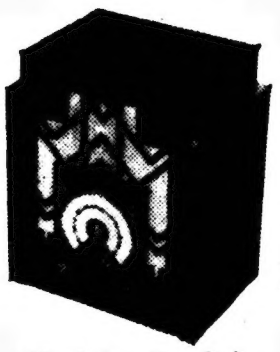
Not only does she encourage her husband with his *Bullets*—she goes further and shares in the pleasure and thrills of his hobby.

Evening after evening Mr. and Mrs. Knight put their heads together over *Bullets*. And almost every week a coupon bearing their joint efforts comes up to Long Acre, either bearing his name or hers.

The outcome of one of these discussions, a week or two ago, was the homely and ingenious effort, LONELY WOMAN—COUNTS "SHEEP," NOT "PIGGIES."

It told a poignant little story in simple but effective phrasing. And its place at the top of the prize-list in Competition No. 877 brought Mr. and Mrs. Knight one of those thrilling telegrams which we dispatch almost every Friday of the year.

For those few well-chosen words we are paying Mrs. Knight the huge award of £665, combining £300 cash and a further sum, paid in advance at her special request, in place of eleven monthly cheques.



20 of these fine Radio Sets offered on page 39

"I heard a remark some time ago," said Mr. Knight, acknowledging the news of his wife's success, "that the big prizes only go to the Editor's friends."

"That was the truest thing ever said about *Bullets*," continues this constable in the Royal Marine Police. "The Editor makes himself a friend to us all, as every reader of the *Bulletin* knows, by the kindly way in which our errors are pointed out and mistakes in spelling or punctuation put right."

"No competitor," he added, "can afford to be without *Bullets Bulletin*."

Big things are happening in *Bullets* this week. In addition to opening Radio Month with an increased First and a fine offer of Cash-plus-Wireless prizes, we have enlarged the coupons for your assistance and also provided valuable space for jotting down your ideas.

See that you have a shot this week at capturing a winning smile like Mrs. Knight's—and get your wife to help. Remember, too, that if you would like the free weekly help which guided her to success, *Bullets Bulletin* can be yours each Thursday as soon as you post off the coupon on opposite page.

Scores of competitors have won with its aid—and so can you!

OVER £1,700 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,500, COMPETITION NO. 878.

Mr. G. BAIKIE, 425, Cullen Terrace, Carron Road, Falkirk.

Example:—FOR SONNY'S SAKE
Bullet:—I TIPTOE—I TRAMP.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. A. LEECH (Jr.), 6, Irwell Street, Bradford.
Example:—Now He's Boss
Bullet:—I'm "Dirt"—Not "Bert."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. G. F. STEER, "Abbeville," Berrow Road, Burnham-on-Sea.
Example:—Paying America
Bullet:—Chests Out—Stomachs In!

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

J. T. ABRAMS, 20, Duke Street, Grimsby.
Like A Snowball—Love, Down "Rolling" Years.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

L. R. CLARK, 24, Pamela Road, Pinhoe Road, Exeter.
In The Train—"Feet" Together—Miles Apart.

M. DUFFY, 16, Cross Street, Birstall, Leeds.
For Sonny's Sake — Steady — Eventually, "Shake, Dad!"

J. GARSTANG, 3, Dymock Road, Preston.
For Sonny's Sake—I'll Follow "His" Footsteps.

F. GRAHAM, 55, Jasper Avenue, Deneside, Seaham, Co. Durham.
Radio—"Daily Help" Breaking *Monotony*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. HUTCHINSON, New Black Horse Inn, Rhostyllen, Wrexham.
Now He's Boss—Swaggers In—On Tiptoe!

Miss I. KIRK, 6, Balder Road, Norton-on-Tees, Durham.
Now He's Boss—"Servant"—With Harder "Masters."

A. KNIGHT, 23, Burfitts Road, Quarmly, Huddersfield.
Blow For The Busybody—"Right Hook" *Stopped* "Angling."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

H. PARRIS, The Briery, Victoria Road, Bexley, Kent.
Alarming Discovery—Perhaps Suicides Make, Too!

R. T. THOMAS, 69, Wood Lane, Treeton, Rotherham.
"Good Riddance!"—Angler *Didn't* "Catch" That.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

H. G. BOARD, 120, Wellington Street, Cardiff.
Using His Brains—Politician—Another "New Industry"!

K. BREAKSPEAR, 22, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.
Her Cave-man—Curate Gallantly Swatting Fly.

W. H. HIRONS, 31, Victoria Street, Long Eaton, Notts.
Flight Of Oratory—Over "Desert" Of Pews.

W. T. HUNT, 7, Annsworthy Avenue, Thornton Heath.
Radio—His "Fever"—Her "Plague."

A. O. MILLS, Osborne Street, Rhos, Wrexham.
Happy Mother—Proud Father—Disgusted Fido!

Mrs. G. POTTS, 5, Thorneywood Mount, Nottingham.
Now He's Boss—He's "Sir"—And Sour.

Mrs. B. POWELL, 69, Blackhorse Lane, Walthamstow, E.
Her Cave-man—He's *Concave* Man Now.

Mrs. STANSFIELD, 7, Dean Path Buildings, Dean Village, Edinburgh.
Coming Into The World—Unwanted—What An Admission.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A. E. SUMPTER, 68, Lea Road, Northampton.
For Sonny's Sake—They Laboured—Sonny's Unemployed.

E. W. WALLIS, 57, Union Terrace, York.
Awakening—Preacher, Counting Sleeping "Sheep."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2/6 winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

All winners of £2 10s. and £5 will be invited to claim a Radio Gramophone, providing their winning effort was entered on one of four or more Entry-fee coupons contained in one envelope.

BRITISH MUSEUM 9 33

HUGE ONE-WEEK CASH AND WIRELESS OFFER
OPENS "BULLETS"
£400
INCREASED FIRST PRIZE
RADIO MONTH
OTHER PRIZES
£50 £25
10 or £5 and RADIO
10 or £2 10 and RADIO
25 or £1
500 or 2/6
2,000 RED SEAL "TARGET" 8,000 "TARGET" PRIZES
20 SIX-SIXTY 3-VALVE RADIO SETS EACH VALUE £10-10
ONE GIVEN AWAY THIS WEEK TO EACH WINNER OF £5 AND £2 10
ENDLESS ENTERTAINMENT
WILL BE YOURS FROM THIS LUXURIOUS £10. 10s. 3-VALVE "SIX-SIXTY" RECEIVING SET IN WALNUT CABINET. IT REQUIRES NO ELECTRIC MAINS AND IS SPECIALLY SUPPLIED TO "BULLETEERS" COMPLETE WITH NECESSARY BATTERIES

23 BIG PRIZES— THIS WEEK ONLY!

OUR *Bullets* Radio Month opens to-day with a First increased to £400 and a fine offer of Cash-plus-Radio prizes. To every award of £5 and £2 10s. we are adding a luxurious "Six-Sixty" £10 10s. Radio Set.

If you want to pocket a substantial cheque and revel in radio as a result of this contest, begin on your *Bullets* this evening.

Any of the *Examples* on this page may switch you on to success. Study each one carefully, making notes of the various rough ideas which it suggests.

Next take each of your jottings in turn and condense it into TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up neatly with the *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you select the *Example* STILL SMILING, the added words BRITANNIA, THOUGH PROBLEMS TROUBLES would complete a *Bullet*.

Now get busy on your own efforts, for this first huge offer of Radio Month is open only until Saturday, February 11.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

WATCHING WORLD	ON HER
ROUND AND ROUND	SAD STORY
FIGHTING SPIRIT	GENIUS
DEFYING THE ELEMENTS	LEFT IN THE COLD
I'M A TAXPAYER, SO	I LIKE
SHATTERED	PEACEFUL LIFE
TO MAKE THINGS WORSE	BASKING IN
THE NEIGHBOURS	THE SUNSHINE
CAUSED A SCENE	TOO LONG
THE RESULT	TO PLEASE FATHER
PAINFUL	TREMBLING
MARVELLOUS AGE	GROWING DAILY
STILL SMILING	SOMETHING LIKE
WIFEY'S A DUCK, BUT	NOT TO BE FOUND
EVERY PENNY	IN AT THE DEATH
NOT WORTH WORRYING ABOUT	ALL OVER FURIOUSLY

The original cheque for £380 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 877 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. T. Masters, Wainscott, near Rochester, Kent.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES. Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 881 usually purchase "John Bull."

BIG NEW COUPONS THIS WEEK!

THIS COUPON BRINGS FREE "BULLETS" HELP!

Hundreds of prize-winners owe their success entirely to the free weekly aid of *Bullets Bulletin*, a budget of hints and encouragement for would-be winners which can be yours by post every Thursday. Post off this coupon to-day!

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co." payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

Name_____

Address_____

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C. *Do not enclose this coupon with "Bullets"*

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(881) Closing SAT., Feb. 11 — P.O. No._____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed_____ Address_____

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(881) Closing SAT., Feb. 11 — P.O. No._____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed_____ Address_____

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(881) Closing SAT., Feb. 11 — P.O. No._____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s 6d. — Signed_____ Address_____

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(881) Closing SAT., Feb. 11 — P.O. No._____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed_____ Address_____

BIG NEW HELP FOR "BULLETEERS" We provide this week not only big new coupons but the valuable space below for making those jottings which may develop into a First Prize *Bullet*.

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 881, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

ANOTHER HUGE CASH & RADIO SURPRISE COMING NEXT WEEK

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Actual size 9¼ in. deep by 6½ in. wide. Weighs nearly a lb.

Amazing Offer to "John Bull" Readers of the

Complete Family Doctor

FOR ONLY 5/-

plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

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WITH sickness taking a heavy toll—doctors working at top pressure—and the most dangerous days still ahead of us, here is a book which every home must have—an entirely new illustrated edition of the famous "Complete Family Doctor." Compiled by an eminent London physician, it provides an instant-reference guide of unparalleled importance in guarding against the ills and epidemics now so prevalent.

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Get this money-saving volume at this amazing price, while there is yet time.

Special 15/- edition, superbly bound in rich maroon art leather, embossed in gold for :—

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This superb Edition of "The Complete Family Doctor," bound in rich maroon art leather, deeply embossed in gold and printed in large type on heavy quality paper, with dustproof top edges, is a work which has already proved to be **worth its weight in gold** in thousands of homes. Containing 400 big pages, more than 200,000 words, 14 art plates in full colour and monochrome, dozens of other illustrations and diagrams, it is divided into 1,225 divisions covering every department of health and medicine :—**Winter Ailments, Hygiene, Epidemics, Surgery, First Aid, Physical Culture, Dietetics, Sex Education, Anatomy, Physiology, Treatment of Sprains and Bruises, Children's Ailments, Nervous Disorders, Mothercraft, and the Care of Every Part of the Human Body, etc., etc.**

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This voucher, if received with the remittance indicated, entitles you to obtain the 15/- "Complete Family Doctor" for 5/-, or the De Luxe Edition for 7/6—plus 1/- for carriage, packing insurance, etc., in each case. J.B., 4/2/33.

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JOHN BULL 4/2/33.

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This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." On receipt of P.O. for **9/6** carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Bruxplette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN **CARPETS** Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms saving the purchaser all middle profits, and they are guaranteed genuine bargains. Over 600,000 sold during the last 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match.

9/6

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